

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



No. 531.—VOL. XIX.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1851.

[SIXPENCE { WITH SUPPLEMENT, GRATIS.

## THE "KNOWLEDGE RATE" AND THE "IGNORANCE RATES."

A LARGE and influential class of persons—matter-of-fact people, who, whenever they take up a question, argue and re-argue it with such pertinacity and effect that they ultimately carry their point—have taken it into their heads that they have a more imperative task before them than has yet been performed in England. They are not satisfied that the multitude should live by bread alone, but desire to provide mental food for the children of the people. In a word, while they admit the great zeal of the religious teachers of all denominations of Christians in this country, they desire that the body politic, represented either by the general Government, or by the particular municipality or locality, shall take care that secular knowledge shall be conveyed to the future workers, or, it may be, idlers, of our great social hive, with as much zeal as religious instruction is provided, and that the stigma shall no longer rest upon England of possessing a population deeper sunk in the slough and mire of a semi-barbarian ignorance than is to be found in any other civilised country in the world.

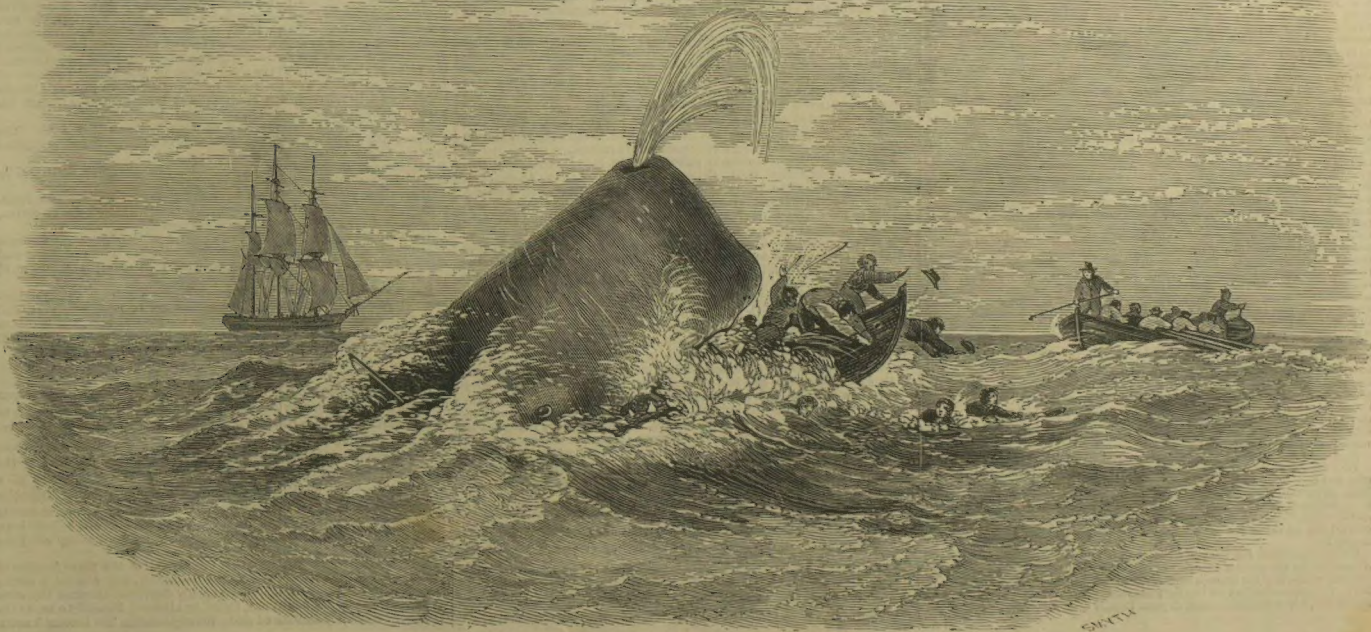
Hereupon a great outcry of dissent is raised. The ignorance of the great mass of the English poor is emphatically denied. We are told of thousands of Sunday-schools, in which hundreds of thousands of infants are taught spelling, but not writing or arithmetic, as a proof that the education of the rising generation is not neglected. We are told of factory schools, and parochial schools, and charity schools without number, in which something more than mere reading is taught, as an additional proof that the schoolmaster has not become superannuated since Lord Brougham announced that he was abroad. The efforts of the National School Society, and of the British and Foreign School Society, are still more triumphantly cited in support of the same pro-

position; and such a din of voices is heard, that any one who knew nothing of the subject otherwise, and was contented to shut his eyes to the palpable facts around him, might well be coerced into the belief that all was going on for the best, and that in our happy island it was as rare a thing for a child to be deprived of mental as of bodily sustenance, and that utter ignorance was as rarely to be heard of as absolute starvation. To any lingering doubts that may still be started, after this imposing array of school statistics has been paraded, many bewildering inquiries are always ready to be launched at the heads of the sceptical. Is not England the foremost nation of all the world? Is it not the land of social progress?—of steam?—of railways?—and of electric telegraphs? Is it not pre-eminently the land of charity and religion? Is not everything for the best? and have we not made more advances in religion, in true freedom, in art, in science, in literature, in morality, and, in spite of our alleged deficiencies, in popular education, than any other people on the face of the globe? If all these things be true, it is asked, why should we meddle? Should we not let well alone, and refrain from stirring up the angry elements of religious discord, by seeking to improve the unimprovable, and by the superaddition of mathematics to the catechism?

Besides—and this is considered the climax of all argument—are we not over-taxed already? And why should we add a school rate, as proposed by the Manchester people, to the number of those local burthens and rates which at present fall so heavily on the shoulders of the people? A poor-rate, say the objectors, is bad enough; but infinitely worse would be a school rate. If we desire to have the poor taught to spell, let charity provide the means; but, to teach the poor to write and to cast accounts, to make them acquainted with the sublime truths of physical science by means of a compulsory payment drawn from our pockets, is a monstrous tyranny not

to be borne in a free, and an invasion of the rights of conscience not to be tolerated in a religious country! Like *Falstaff*, who would not be reasonable on compulsion, these admirable friends of the poor will not permit little babes to be taught upon compulsion, even though education were a thousand times holier than it is. Charity is so great a thing, that they prefer it even to Justice. Besides, Charity may fall asleep if she pleases; but Justice is ever wakeful.

But, amid all the mass of irrelevant argument that has been introduced into this great and urgent question, the voice of reason begins to make itself heard. Above the din of polemics and the uproar of theological controversy, the calm and sonorous appeal of common sense has at last become plainly perceptible, and admissions are now and then made, on all hands, that voluntary efforts have hitherto been quite inadequate to provide for the public exigencies. But one strong and formidable objection still lingers—the religious objection—that whether, in the schools which it is proposed to establish, religion be or be not taught, it will be equally an infringement of the liberty of conscience. "If religion be not taught," exclaim all the sects, "our money will be taken from us in support of a system of instruction which we consider to be worse than useless in this world, and fatal to salvation in the next. If, on the contrary, it be taught, there are such irreconcilable differences of faith and doctrine amongst us, that, if one be satisfied, a thousand will be aggrieved, and the money of the majority will be wrung from them for the teaching of what they conscientiously believe to be error." But we think, if it can be shown that, under the present system of *laissez faire*—that system under the fatal operation of which so much vice, misery, and degradation have grown like gangrenes in the body politic—the same, or even a greater, degree of violence is done to the consciences of those who do not agree with the only religious teaching that the State can sanction, the ground of objection will be



DESTRUCTION OF THE LABOARD BOAT OF THE "ANN ALEXANDER," BY A SPERM WHALE, IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

materially narrowed, and a step will be made towards the solution of a very great difficulty.

Supposing that we paid a knowledge tax, or school rate, and that it might in some respects be objectionable, we would ask whether it could be to any thing like the same extent as objectionable as those taxes which we now pay for the support of ignorance? A penny in the pound on the rental of England would pay the knowledge rate, and save us a deal of trouble besides; but we put it to any one who has studied the social statistics of this great empire, whether a penny per pound on the rental, or six times that amount, would meet the expenditure which we annually make for the removal and prevention of the evils, and still offer for the punishment of those evil-doers, which our neglect of the education of the multitude has brought upon us. For want of a school rate we most indubitably increase the poor-rate; and, as religion enters into the observances of our union workhouses, we think that conscientious Dissenters might as well object to pay the one tax as the other. Then, again, it is clear that for want of a school rate we are obliged to have recourse to a much larger police and prison rate than would otherwise be necessary. These are the "Ignorance Rates," and very heavily they bear upon the industry of the country; much heavier than any Knowledge Rate could bear, and with quite as much violence to those religious feelings which now so effectively impede the cause of education. Every one who pays a poor-rate or a prison rate pays for the teaching of religion, with this essential difference between such payment and that which he would make for a school—that he pays it after mischief has been done to the State, and that he bestows upon the idle pauper and the confirmed thief what he denies to those innocent children, of whom the Divine Author of Christianity declared, "that of such were the kingdom of Heaven." We never hear any complaints against the principle of a poor rate or a prison rate in this respect. It is only when it is desired to supersede this impolitic and cruel, as well as costly system of punishment, by the beneficent and Christian system of prevention, that tender consciences begin to feel themselves aggrieved, and that timid people see lions in the way where there are no lions, and conjure up difficulties where none ought to exist. It is useless to expect unanimity on a question like this; but it is to be anticipated that the more thoroughly it is considered, the more rapidly will the friends of the Knowledge Rate increase, and those of the Ignorance Rates diminish. We are a great people, but in the competition of the world we must yet become a greater, or we shall not continue to hold so high a place as we at present occupy. There are no uneducated people in the United States of America, except the emigrants from our shores; and they, in the next generation, cease to deserve the unhappy distinction. Surely that fact ought to make us open our eyes.

#### WHALING IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

(From the New Bedford (U.S.) Mercury.)

We have just received the following thrilling account of the destruction of the whale ship *Alexander*, Captain John S. Debiols, of New Bedford, by a large sperm whale, from the lips of the Captain himself, who arrived in this city from Paita on Sunday last, in the schooner *Providence*. It is fully authenticated by nine of the crew, in a protest under the seal of the United States Consul, Alexander Runnen, jun., at Paita.

The ship *Alexander*, Captain John S. Debiols, sailed from New Bedford, Massachusetts, June 1, 1850, for a cruise in the South Pacific for sperm whale. Having taken about 500 barrels of oil, the ship proceeded on her voyage to the Pacific. Nothing of unusual interest occurred until, when passing Cape Horn, one of the men, named Jackson Walker, of Newport, New Hampshire, aged about twenty-four, was lost overboard in a storm. Reaching the Pacific, she came up the coast, and stopped at Valdivia, coast of Chile, for fresh provisions, and on the 14th of May last she called at Paita for the purpose of supplying a man. The vessel proceeded on her voyage to the South Pacific.

On the 20th of August last she reached what is well known as the "Off-shore Ground," in lat. 52 deg. 30' south, long. 105 deg. west. In the morning of the 21st, about 9 o'clock, while they were in the neighbourhood of the ground, about noon the same day they succeeded in making fast to one. Two boats had gone after the whale—the larboard and the starboard, the former commanded by the first mate, and the latter by Captain Debiols. The whale which they had struck was harpooned by the larboard boat, and in the afternoon the whale turned upon the boat, and, rushing at it with tremendous violence, lifted open its enormous jaws, and, taking the boat in, actually crushed it into fragments as small as a common-sized chair! (See the illustration upon the preceding page.) Captain Debiols immediately struck for the scene of the disaster, and, having reached the boat and succeeded in getting out, he called out to the crew, "The whale has crushed the boat, nine in number."

There were now 18 men in the starboard boat, consisting of the first mate, and the crews of both boats. The frightful disaster had been witnessed, and the waist-boat was called into readiness and sent to their relief. The distance from the ship was about six miles. As soon as the waist-boat arrived the crews were divided, and it was determined to pursue the same whale and make another attack upon him. Accordingly they separated, and proceeded at some distance from each other, as usual on such occasions, after the whale. In a short time they came up to him and prepared to give him battle. The waist-boat, commanded by the first mate, was in advance. As soon as the whale perceived the demonstration being made upon him, he turned his course suddenly, and, making a tremendous dash at the boat, he struck it with his wide-spreading jaws, and crushed it into atoms, allowing the men barely time to escape his vengeance by throwing themselves into the ocean.

Captain Debiols, again seeing the perilous condition of his men, at the risk of making the same fate, directed his boat to hasten to their rescue, and in a short time succeeded in saving them all from a death little less horrible than that from which they had twice so miraculously escaped. He then ordered the boat to put for the ship as speedily as possible; and no sooner had the order been given, than the whale, perceiving the misfortune of the crew making towards them with his jaws widely extended. Escape from death now seemed totally out of the question. They were six or seven miles from the ship; no aid even there to afford them necessary relief; and the whale, maddened by the wounds of the harpoon and the loss of his boat, and, seeing his prey within his grasp, he proceeded of speedy revenge, within a few cables' length. Fortunately, the monster came up and passed them at a short distance. The boat then made her way to the ship, and they all got on board in safety.

They again pursued the whale, and, having lanced into his head; but it being near sundown they gave up the chase for the night.

Captain Debiols was at this time standing in the high-heads on the larboard bow, with craft in hand ready to strike the monster a deadly blow, should he appear, the ship moving about five knots; when working on the side of the ship he discovered the whale rushing towards him at the rate of 15 knots. In an instant the monster struck the ship with tremendous violence, shaking her from stem to stern. Captain Debiols immediately descended into the fore-cabin, and there, to his horror, discovered that the monster had struck the ship on the fore-cabin, and, having done so, he was knocking a great hole entirely through her bottom, through which the water roared and rushed impetuously. Springing to the deck, he ordered the mate to cut away the anchors and get the cables overboard to keep the ship from sinking. He had a large quantity of rope on board, and in doing this the mate succeeded in relieving only one anchor and cable clear, the other having been fastened around the fore-mast. The ship was then sinking very rapidly. The captain went into the cabin, where he found three feet of water; he, however, succeeded in procuring a small boat, and, having lanced into the whale, he ordered the boat to be cleared away, and to get away and provisions, as the ship was heeling over. He again descended to the cabin, but the water was rushing in so rapidly that he could procure nothing. He then came upon deck, ordered all hands into the boats, and was the last himself to leave the ship. He was then seen by throwing himself into the sea and swimming to the nearest boat. The ship was on her beam-ends, her topgallant-yards under water. They then pushed off some distance from the ship, expecting her to sink in a very short time. Upon an examination of the stores they had been able to save, they found that they had lost all their provisions, and not a mouthful of provisions of any kind. The boats contained 11 men each, were leaky, and, night coming on, they were obliged to bale them all night to keep them from sinking.

"Next day they returned to the ship, but could save little."

With the hope of reaching a rainy latitude, they directed their course northward, and on the 22d of August, at about 5 o'clock p.m., they had the indescribable joy of discerning a ship in the distance. They made a signal, and were soon answered, and in a short time they were reached by the good ship *Nantucket*, of Nantucket, Massachusetts, Captain Gibbs, who took them on board, clothed and fed them, and extended to them in every way the greatest possible hospitality.

On the succeeding day Captain Gibbs went to the wreck of the ill-fated *Alexander*, for the purpose of trying to get the bodies of the crew, but as the sea was rough, and the attempt considered dangerous, he abandoned the project. The *Nantucket* then set sail for Paita, where she arrived on the 15th of September, and where she landed Captain Debiols and his men. Captain De-

biols was kindly and hospitably received and entertained at Paita by Captain Baurman, an English gentleman residing there, and subsequently took passage on board the schooner *Providence*, Captain Starbuck, for this port, arriving here on Sunday last, the 12th instant.

#### FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

##### PARISIANA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THURSDAY, Nov. 27.

The panic, which commenced some weeks ago among foreigners who had intended to winter in Paris, continues, or rather has increased to a general *craze qu'on peut*; and the hotel-keepers and others who live by the *spolia* of these agreeable *locataires*, and who had promised themselves a rich harvest this season, now seriously begin to hang out signals of distress—prosaically, labels with the ominous words *Appartements meublés ou non meublés à louer*, are seen in every part of the town.

The week has been rather a busy one for the eighteenth; military reviews by the President and his staff taking place nearly every morning in the Champ de Mars, besides which, we have had the launch of a frigate on the Seine! a sight which positively bewildered "the oldest inhabitant" with delight. This was indeed a novelty for Paris, and, though we are informed by English naval officers that all was not managed according to Cocker, the vessel certainly looks a very fair imitation of a real 40-gun frigate, and it daily attracts thousands to view it.

Musical and theatrical novelties crowd upon us. At the Grand Opera, the promised ballet, "Vert, Vert," was produced on Monday, for the *début* of Mlle. Priora, whose personal attractions are of the highest order: her fine features, displaying that character of beauty so highly admired by the author of "Cendrillon," are of the dearest Italian. As Byron has it:—

Like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,  
And all that's best of dark and bright,  
Meet in the lustrous of her eyes.

Mlle. Priora's figure befits her noble countenance, though for some tastes (*de gustibus, &c.*) it may be deemed a trifle too massive for a *danseuse*. The *débütante* achieved a decided success, owing, we must add, in a good part, to her beauty—for in grace and lightness she is decidedly inferior to both Cerito and Ferraris, whose *débüt* she introduced with much resemblance. The ballet itself is a very second-rate affair, founded on Gresset's well-known subject. A little dash of fancy and ingenuity might have raised upon it a very piquant and amusing ballet. As it is, all the gaiety and vivacious pleasantry of the original is lost in a mass of silly and unintelligible absurdities, spun out into three dreary acts. Gresset's wicked parrot is replaced by a young student in the person of Mlle. Plunkett, who plays all kinds of pranks among the fair in the character of the comical *amateur* dancers, he introduces a party of young *militaires* into their dormitories at night; but, owing probably to the vigilance of the new board of censorship, everything passes off with the most rigid propriety, and one of the sisters, being by some means released from her vows, is married to the student, the wedding giving an opportunity for one of those ball-room scenes for which the Grand Opera is renowned. Here the figures, groupings, and dancing are tasteful, elegant, and effective; but the preposterous length to which the affair was attenuated had the completely uninteresting audience, that the only applauders were the *claqueurs*, who manfully stood to their guns. The scenery, particularly the ball-room, was admirable; this is, indeed, the only feature in the ballet department which has not fallen off. Messrs. Cambo and Thierry are poets as well as artists.

Filicien David's long-expected opera of "La Perle du Brésil" has length since the light, and had he never composed "Le Désert," would have been hailed as a most successful *débüt*; as it is, though containing much of the merit of the former, it rather leaves a feeling of disappointment. It was produced at the Opéra National on Saturday, and had the advantage of two *débütants*, both singers of merit—Bouché, a good, spirited basso, formerly of the Grand Opera, and who, I believe, was for a season or two at Her Majesty's Theatre; and M. Philippe, a young tenor with a charming voice, and expressive though not highly finished style. The *Perle* (*Zora*), sung by the pretty Mlle. Duez. It is a poor opera, founded on the story of a young girl, who, in the burning embers of some village in Brazil destroyed by the Portuguese under his command. He carries her to Lisbon, where he hears her with tender care; and passing over the love intrigues, which no opera can be without, on accompanying her benefactor in one of his voyages, she is enabled to repay his services by preserving him and his crew, when their vessel is driven by a tempest on the Brazilian coast, and they are surrounded by hostile natives. The opera has the advantage of being sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies being rather instrumental than vocal. The overture (particularly the earlier portions) is striking and masterly: a violoncello passage, replete with melody and expression, the motive of which is afterwards repeated in the opera, was received with well-merited plaudits. A trio in the first act for the tenor and two sopranos, in which a tender romance is interwoven by the young Brazilian, duo sufficient to indicate the general colour of the music, the elements of which are—the reminiscences of childhood by the young savage, the rude martial character of the naval chief and his associates, the imitative effects of a storm at sea, and those which may be supposed to exist in the virgin forests of America, with their breezy freshness, the strains of their feathered songsters, and other effects of a lyrical character characteristic of the composer's genius, as already made known by the subject of his "Le Désert." The "Combe" is a very bold and original, but not altogether in their place in a comic opera, M. David's tendencies



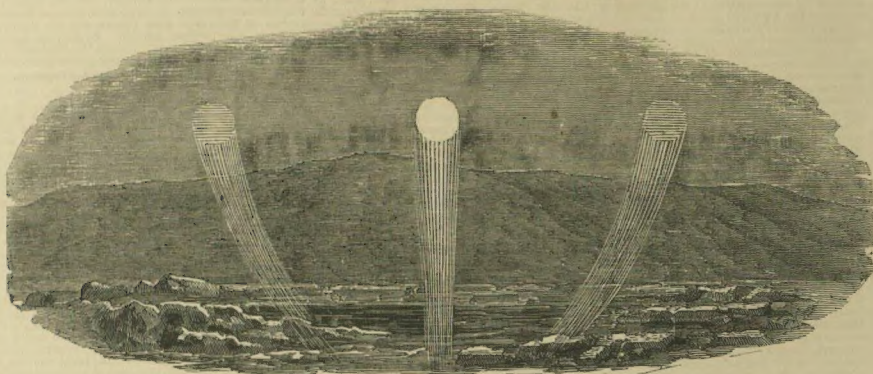
## SKETCHES FROM CAPTAIN AUSTIN'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.



MIRAGE IN MELVILLE BAY, JULY 28, 1850.



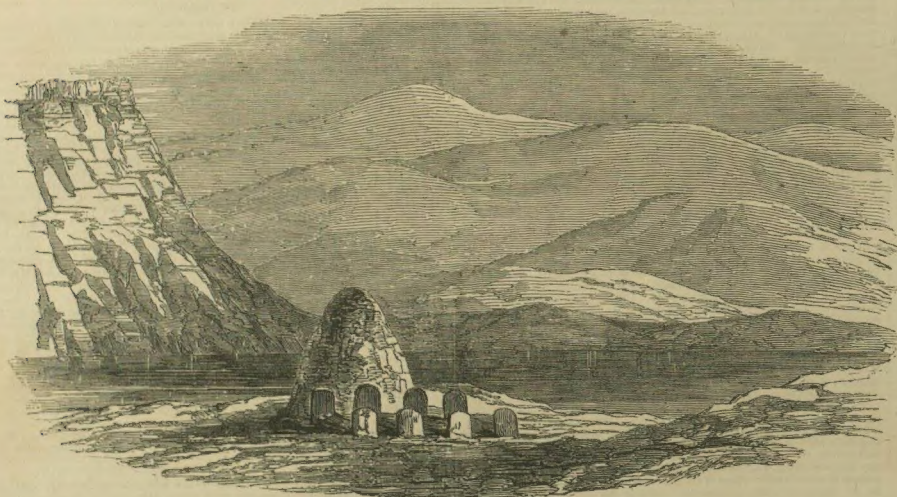
MIRAGE IN MELVILLE BAY, AUGUST 4 1850.



PARHELIA, WITNESSED OCTOBER 4, 1850, AT GRIFFITH'S ISLAND

In the month of May, 1845, Sir John Franklin sailed from England, with two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, under his command, in the hope of discovering the North-west Passage. Of the gallant commander, and the 138 men and officers by whom he was accompanied, no satisfactory tidings have since been heard. The *Erebus* and *Terror* were provisioned for three years, but more than six years have elapsed since the departure of the Expedition; and when we consider the frightful rigour of an Arctic climate, winter after winter, and that the untiring exertions made for their discovery have all proved fruitless, the hope that

remains is but faint. The three Expeditions fitted out simultaneously in 1845, in search of the missing ships, were unsuccessful; and the more recent one, under the charge of Captain Austin, has had no better effect. Let us add to this the generous co-operation given by the Imperial Government of Russia in the search for Sir John Franklin, and by that of the United States. Large rewards have been also held out to whalers of all nations to join in the search; but those ships are not fitted for the dangers of such expeditions. This will be readily understood when it is remembered that this very year no less than twelve



CAIRN LEFT BY THE "NORTH STAR," AND FOUR GRAVES, IN WOLSTENHOLME SOUND.

whalers have perished in the ice, and that in latitudes far to the south of places where H. M.'s ships have lately wintered.

The last Expedition, under the command of Captain Austin, C.B., consisting of the *Resolute* and *Assistance*, and two steamers, sailed from the Thames on the 4th May, 1850, and on the 16th June anchored in the Whale-fish Islands. Here inquiries for the missing ships began. After leaving Upernavik, in latitude 72 degrees 45 minutes N., the progress of the ships became impeded by floating masses of ice, from which these seas are never entirely free. On the 15th August the Expedition entered the

north waters; and then, separating into two divisions, commenced closely to explore the neighbouring coasts and islands. On the 9th of September, the ships again joined company to the westward of Griffith's Island, and on the 24th of the same month the whole of the Expedition were frozen in between the islands of Cornwallis and Griffith. From the 24th of September, 1850, to the 11th of August, 1851, the vessels remained firmly locked in the ice. Whilst the ships were thus ice-bound, exploring parties proceeded in various directions over the floe. The daring, the energy, and the endurance of our countrymen who em-



ESQUIMAUX WOMAN.

barked in these expeditions cannot be too highly praised. One of our Engravings represents Captain Austin addressing the officers and men about to start on one of those enterprises. The group is standing out, on the frozen sea, twenty miles distant from their ships. They are in the midst of a wilderness, where, beyond their own resources, no human aid can reach them. In the silence of that frozen desert their voices have been raised in prayer to the Almighty to aid them in their enterprise



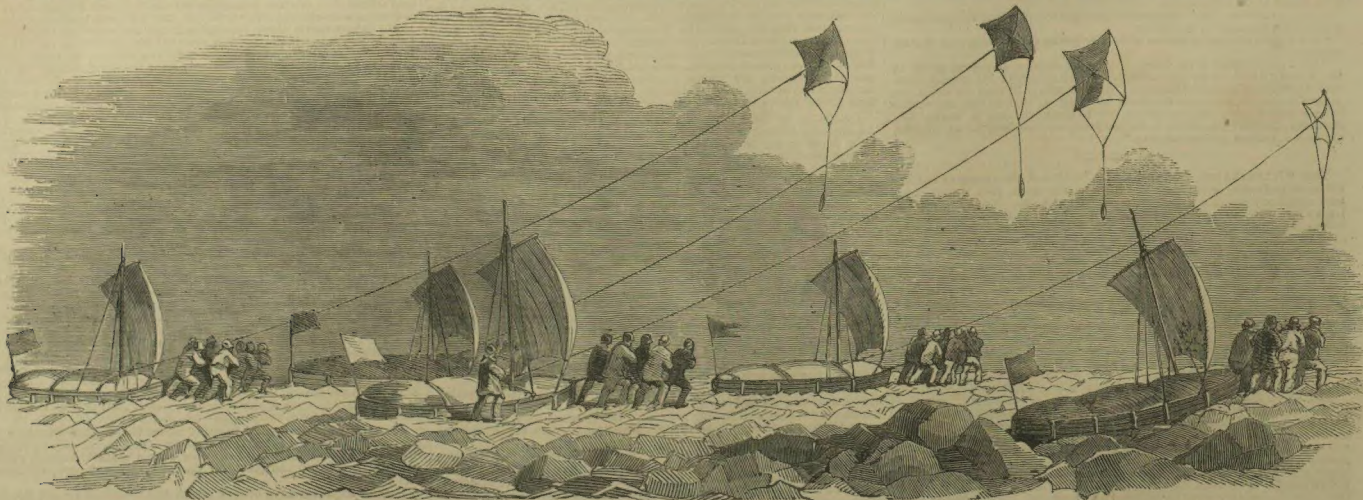
ESQUIMAUX YOUTH.

and to watch over them in their peril. On the 15th of April they started. Captain Ommanney, who commanded one of the parties, proceeded across the ice in a south-westerly direction till he reached the land, when he carefully explored and surveyed a great extent of coast hitherto unknown. Captain Ommanney returned to his



ESQUIMAUX GIRL.

ship on the 13th June, having been absent on the ice nearly three months. Lieutenant McClintock led another party in the direction of Bathurst Island, the coast of which he explored as high as 74° 30' N. He



WESTERN DIVISION OF SLEDGES.

SKETCHES FROM CAPTAIN AUSTIN'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.



CAPTAIN AUSTIN ADDRESSING AN EXPLORING PARTY.

then crossed the ice to Byam Martin Island, and thence to Melville Island, the coast of which he followed as far as  $118^{\circ}$  of long., having in the interval gone round Siddon's Gulf. Lieutenant M'Cintock did not get back to his ship till the 4th July. On his return the ice began to thaw, so that his sufferings and those of his men were most trying.

At each step they sank in the melting ice, and at times dark slushy pools would open before them whose bottom might be in the fathomless sea. But the men's courage never flagged, and after nearly four months' absence they were welcomed back by their companions. The other parties on the expedition were commanded by Lieutenants Osborne, Brown,

Meehan, and Aldrich, and by Dr. Bradford and Mr. Macdougall. It is unnecessary to add, that in these searches no traces of the missing ships were found.

The substance of Captain Austin's report, it will be recollected, has already appeared in our Journal. (See page 347.)



WINTER QUARTERS OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

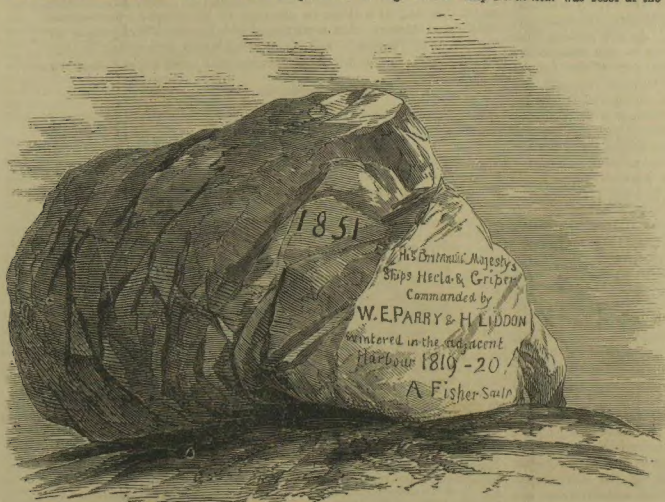
THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

We now proceed to detail the accompanying sketches. Of the atmospheric phenomena seen in these northern latitudes, the *Mirage* is one of the most remarkable. Objects at great distance are often by the power of refraction made visible to the naked eye. Thus, Lieutenant M'Cintock and his party, on returning from their exploring expedition to Melville Island, were seen from the deck of the *Assistance* whilst yet two days distant from the ship. One of our Engravings represents a very beautiful *mirage* seen in Melville Bay, July 23, 1850; and the other a similar phenomenon, seen August 4th following. Next are two *Parhelia*, seen at Griffith's Islands, half a mile distant from the frozen-in ship, October 4, 1850; temperature 47 deg. below

freezing point Fahrenheit. Ere the sun sank behind the island, on either side, and at an equal distance, a parhelia was observed, and from the lower limb of the sun a column of white light subtended: the air was hazy.

"Ere reaching North Star Mount (says the journal of the Expedition) we discovered cairns at some distance on the south-east shore. In the first examined was a tin cylinder, whence was extracted the following document:—

This paper is placed here to certify that her Majesty's ship *North Star* was beset at the eastern side of Melville



SANDSTONE ROCK IN WINTER HARBOUR, MELVILLE ISLAND.



"GOING OUT TO DINNER."



AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.—LORD SHAFTESBURY.

DINNER TO THE HON. MR. WALKER, OF THE UNITED STATES.

would render the box more difficult to turn in case of a need to place the box on to a heavy roller coming in. The area of the delivering-valves is large in



BRONZE STATUE OF LORD GEORGE BENTINCK, BY CAMPBELL; JUSTERECTED IN CAVENTISH-SQUARE.

buoyancy, that when filled with water she cleared herself to the grating in about 12 seconds. The success of the boat has been the source of much gratification along the coast.

#### STATUE OF THE LATE LORD GEORGE BENTINCK, IN CAVENTISH-SQUARE.

THE site chosen for this bronze effigy of the late statesman who has cast such lustre on the House of Cavendish is appropriate enough. The inner and planted portion of the square is already in possession of an equestrian statue of some other personage. The horse's tail is unfortunately turned in the direction of Oxford-street, and consequently exhibits a back presentation to the new Statue, which stands at the Holles-street side of the square, and looks towards the great thoroughfare just mentioned. One great advantage of being visible from the causeway is thus secured; as, in the majority of cases, statues erected in the centre of enclosed spaces throughout this metropolis are inaccessible to the multitude, and waste their sweetness on the desert air within the railings. George Canning and William Pitt have each respectively the good fortune to be placed prominently under the public eye, in Hanover-square and Palace-yard; and Lord George Bentinck, in his present position, is equally well off.

The attitude is chosen with judgment, and his Lordship holds in one hand some political document, while the other is engaged in the folds of his favourite mantle preparatory to casting it over his shoulder: the effect combines graceful ease with a due proportion of dignity and the genuine bearing of a thoroughbred gentleman. We have rarely seen the modern costume treated so skillfully, and made to assume the flowing simplicity of classic drapery. The figure is eleven feet in height: the pedestal, formed of one block, highly polished, of red granite, from the Fetherhead quarries in Aberdeenshire, is a mass of eight tons weight, and is eight feet high. It bears the following inscription:

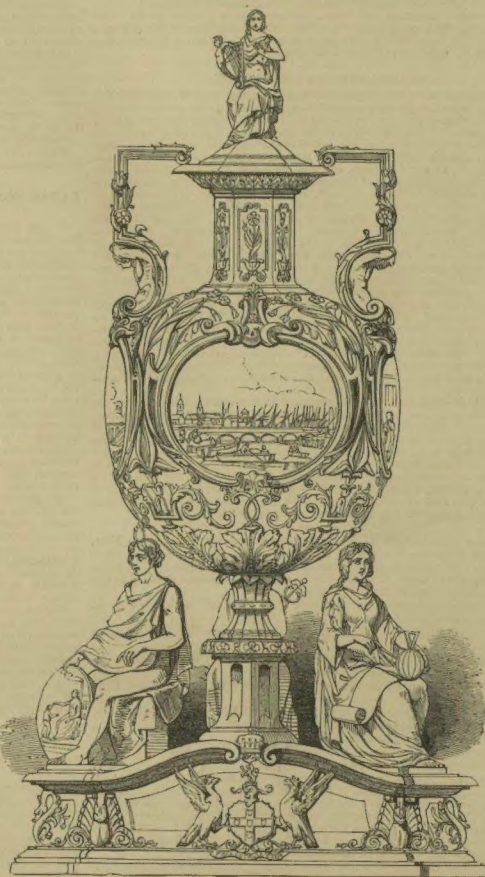
WILLIAM GEORGE FREDERICK CAVENTISH BENTINCK, BORN, FEBRUARY 27, 1802. DIED, SEPTEMBER 21, 1848.

This monument to the great Parliamentary leader of a powerful political party has been created by subscription; and the work issues from the studio of Thomas Campbell, of 16, Great Marlborough-street. This eminent sculptor has long since won his laurels in the execution of colossal figures, both in bronze and marble. Several of his best performances adorn the capital of Scotland; and the great equestrian group of

the Earl of Hopetoun is a very remarkable specimen of his powers. The horse is represented as fondly caressing with his neck and head the person of his gallant master, who stands dismounted, concerning which Lord Peter Robertson has put on record a facetious criticism—that the national character of the artist was clearly discoverable from his making the war charger scratch his Caledonian proprietor.

#### TESTIMONIAL TO THE LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

ON the 29th ult., a deputation, consisting of the Marquis of Downshire, the Earl of Erne, Mr. Crawford, M.P., Messrs. Mulholland, M'Kibbin, Charters, Campbell, Hancock, Heldman, M'Master, Dargan, Grimshaw, and Macadam, waited upon his Excellency the Earl of Clarendon, at the Vice-regal Lodge, Dublin, to present a testimonial from seventy-six members of the Royal Flax Improvement Society of Ireland. The gift consists of a Silver Vase (of which we present an Engraving), a set of Damask Table-linen, and a Case of Cambric Handkerchiefs. The Vase has a tripod base of carved Irish bog-oak. On the three sides of the plinth are the arms of the borough of Belfast, the Royal arms, and those of Lord Clarendon; all in frosted silver, which contrasts strikingly with the dark colour of the bog-oak. Three silver figures, emblematic of Science, Genius, and Commerce, are seated on the feet of the plinth; the figure of Science holding a medal of the

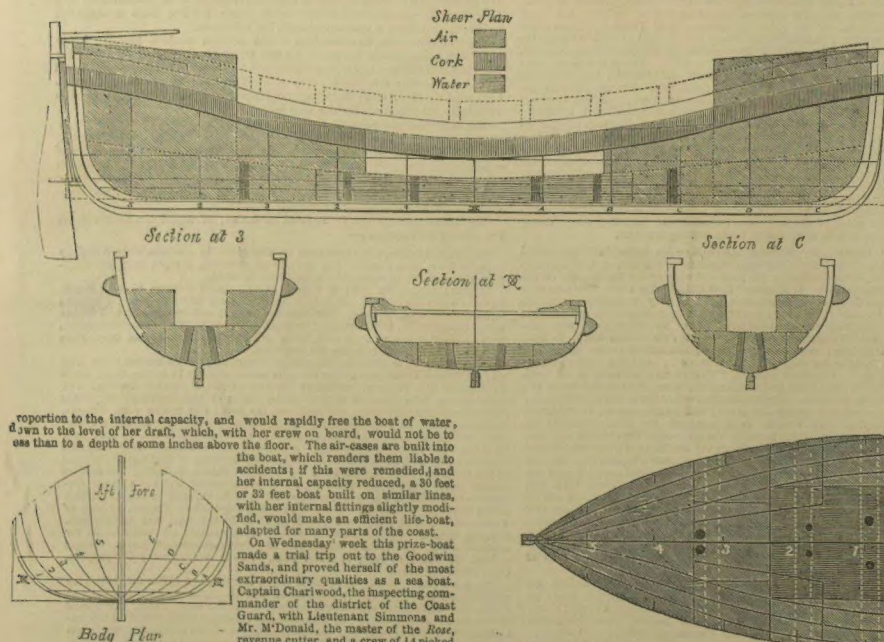


TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED TO THE LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND BY THE ROYAL FLAX IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

Royal Flax Society. The body of the Silver Vase is wreathed with shamrocks of flax in seed and blossom, and shows three medallions, representing a flax-field, with people at work; the spinning-room of a linen-factory; and the quays of Belfast, with shipping, &c. On the remaining face is the inscription as follows:—

This vase, with a set of damask table-linen and cambric handkerchiefs, of Irish manufacture, was presented to his Excellency George William Frederick, Earl of Clarendon, K.G., G.C.B., &c., Lord Lieutenant-General and General Governor of Ireland, by the President and members of the Royal Flax Improvement Society of Ireland, as a slight but sincere recognition of their appreciation of his exertions to extend the culture and manufacture of flax, and of his eminent services in developing the resources of the country, in fostering enterprise, and in promoting a spirit of self-reliance and independence among the people. Belfast, 1851.

The top of the vase is surmounted by a figure of Hibernia holding the harp. The order for this piece of plate was executed by Mr. W. Gilbert, of Belfast, and the design and work were furnished by Mr. Angell, Fenton-street, Haymarket. The medallions were drawn by pupils of the Belfast Government School of Design. The damask, which consisted of table-cloths and napkins, was manufactured by Mr. Andrews, Ardoyne, Belfast, and has a border of flowers, a double centre with the Clarendon arms; and the insignia of the Garter, Bath, and St. Patrick, of which orders his Excellency is a Knight, are introduced, along with festoons of flax and shamrocks. The cambric is of very fine texture, manufactured by Mr. Henning, of Waringstown, county Down. Some of it was embroidered at Killileagh, in the same county, from a design furnished by the Belfast Government School of Design, and has Lady Clarendon's cipher elaborately worked in the corners. An address was read, on the presentation, by the Marquis of Downshire, to which his Excellency replied in suitable terms. The deputation afterwards dined at the Vice-regal Lodge, the Duke of Leinster, Earl of Charlemont, Lord Mayor of Dublin, Sir W. Somerville, Sir J. N. Redington, &c., being of the party.



proportion to the internal capacity, and would rapidly free the boat of water, down to the level of her draft, which, with her crew on board, would not be to a depth of some inches above the floor. The air-cases are built into the boat, which renders them liable to accidents; if this were remedied, and her internal capacity reduced, a 30 foot or 32 foot boat built on similar lines, with her internal fittings slightly modified, would make an efficient life-boat, adapted for many parts of the coast.

On Wednesday week this prize-boat made a trial trip out to the Goodwin Sands, and proved herself of the most extraordinary qualities as a sea boat. Captain Charlwood, the inspecting commander of the district of the Coast Guard, with Lieutenant Simmons and Mr. McDonald, the master of the *Rose*, revenue cutter, and a crew of 14 picked men, went out in her to the Goodwin

where she was placed in such positions as to allow the surf to have the greatest effect upon her. Nothing could exceed the admirable style in which she behaved; and enough was seen to satisfy the officers and men who were in her that she would weather the most tempestuous sea. Her sailing qualities were as so tested with the most successful results; indeed, it is said that if it were possible to throw her on her beam ends she would not go over. Such was her

- A. Water Tank
- B. Air-tight Deck; the spaces below are divided into air-tight compartments
- C. Diagonal Air-tight Cases
- D. Air-tight Roofs, enclosing air-tight compartments for dry provisions
- E. Tubes with Valves for emptying the water out through the bottom
- F. Screw Valves to admit water into the Tank A
- G. A Ball of Cork
- H. A Pump to draw water out of the Tank
- I. Compass
- K. Inner Skin, air-tight

THE NORTHUMBRELAND PRIZE LIFE-BOAT.



1. VICTORIA ADELAIDE MARY LOUISA, born November 21, 1840, Princess Royal. 2. ALBERT EDWARD, Prince of Wales, born November 9, 1841. 3. ALICE MAUD MARY, born April 25, 1843. 4. ALFRED ERNEST ALBERT, born August 6, 1844. 5. HELENA AUGUSTA VICTORIA, born May 25, 1846. 6. LOUISA CAROLINE ALBERTA, born March 18, 1848. 7. ARTHUR WILLIAM PATRICK ALBERT, born May 1, 1850.

PORTRAITS OF THE ROYAL CHILDREN, MODELLED BY COMMAND OF HER MAJESTY, BY L. C. WYON, ROYAL MINT.

Among the contributions to the Fine Arts Court of the Great Exhibition was the original of the above illustration; in the Catalogue, No. 286, "Portraits of the Royal children, modelled by command of her Majesty the Queen, in August, 1850, by L. C. Wyon, medallist, Royal Mint." The respective portraits are most delicately executed by the Modeller; and this very interesting work has been engraved by our Artist, by gracious permission of her Majesty. It will be seen that the Portraits are not ranged in the order of seniority, as in the accompanying figures of reference.

#### COLOSSAL BUST OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. BY BEHNES.

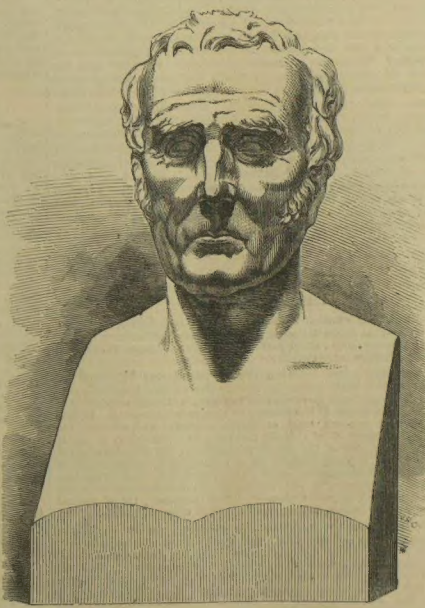
This noble Bust of his Grace the Duke of Wellington has just been executed in marble by Mr. Behnes. It more than twice the size of life, and is remarkable for its truthful rendering of the well-known characteristics of the great original. The Bust terminates in the simple and massive manner which we see in some of the finest specimens of Greek art. It is a commission from his Majesty the King of Prussia.

The likeness is perfect, both in features and expression; the general air of repose, and the benevolent play of the mouth, being successfully caught, and most delicately rendered. Although the head measures 16 inches from the crown to the chin, there is something so natural in the treatment, that the difference from the ordinary magnitude is scarcely to be perceived. It will shortly be sent to Berlin, and is in the meanwhile exhibited at the rooms of Messrs. Graves and Co., Pall-Mall.

#### THE THEATRES.

##### PRINCESS.

As previously announced, this house re-opened for a new season on Saturday. In the manner in which "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was placed on the stage may be accepted as a symbol of the intentions of the management, the promise is of the farthest. Scenery, costumes, and cast all presented thought and originality. The first was for the most part new painted; the second were adopted from the reign of Henry IV., instead of, as usual, that of Elizabeth, and the third combined the strength of the company. Not that every part was so cast as to ensure an ideal exactitude in the representation, but that each was given to the actor best qualified in the establishment to embody it with efficiency. We dare not say that Mr. Harley was so good a *Shender* as Mr. Charles Mathews, or that Mr. Keeley was the very best Welsh parson we have seen; but both were entitled to the business entrusted to them, and executed it with care and ability. Mr. Meadows, as *Shallow*, was singularly quaint; and Mr. Wigan's *Dr. Cass* was perfect. To Mr. Bartley's *Falstaff* no criticism is fairly applicable: it is the best the English stage, and, moreover, combines the traditions of the manner in which the part has come down to us from leading representatives in former times. Decidedly the best-conceived and most artistically-executed character, however, was *Ford*, by Mr. Charles Kean. The first interview with *Falstaff* was nicely



COLOSSAL BUST OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—  
BY BEHNES.

interpreted, and the whole matter of the jealousy touched off with elegance and comic *et cetera*. No actor within our recollection has hit so well the due mean between the tragic and the farcical, in the expression of a passion which tends generally to the sublime or the absurd. No doubt exists that in this class of characters Mr. C. Kean exhibits a masterly amount of genius, and compels judicious appreciation even from those who are disposed to question his earlier claims. He was ably supported by Mrs. Kean who, by certain delicate traits of acting, indicated the perpetual uneasiness which a wife subject to the caprices of such a husband would necessarily undergo. Mrs. Keeley, as *Mrs. Page*, also evinced her power of sustaining the more elegant range of comedy; and, indeed, added to it a vivacity which is usually excluded from drawingroom parts, but as rightly belongs to them as to those of the veriest *bourgeois*. With the advantages of such a cast, the comedy went off with a satisfactory smoothness, and minor defects were forgotten in the general excellence of the impersonation and *mise en scene*.

On Monday a farce by Mr. Serle, under the title of "Tender Precautions; or the Romance of Marriage," was produced after the historical play of "Henry IV.," in which Mr. Wigan performs the *Prince of Wales* with an originality of interpretation which peculiarly belongs to his assumptions. The farce was in one act, but, we suspect, was intended to be in two; and the want of division made it become tedious. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, as *Mr. and Mrs. Gosling*—tender, jealous, and forgiving; soft of head, but honest of heart—were capital. The scapegoat of his friend *Jack Sparkes*, when he finds that he has incurred the ignominy of being well kicked, his perplexity between the roused sentiment of honour and his usual timidity of disposition, gives to Mr. Keeley the desired opportunity of exhibiting his peculiar points as an actor of humour. The parts in this respect are well suited to those for whom they were intended; and, as a piece of theatrical tailoring, the farce is not without merit, though the mediocrity of the dialogue, as usual with Mr. Serle's pieces, constantly succeeded in disappointing the expectation continually excited. The number of traps that missed of their effect was indeed something curious.

##### HAYMARKET.

"The Two Bonnycastles" is the name of a new farce by Mr. J. M. Morton produced on Tuesday, and which proved amusing. The hero is Mr. Buckstone who, conceiving himself to be robbed in the park, snatches a watch from a stranger's bag, and when he gets home discovers the mistake. To escape from the consequences he changes his name to *Jorum*, and becomes a lawyer's clerk and is nearly entrapped into bigamy by the desire of *Mr. Smuggins* (Mr. Lam bert), his master, to get rid of his niece, whose property he has embezzled. She, however, happens to have a lover who is the very person robbed by *Bonnycastle*, and who, becoming acquainted with the latter's wife, assumes himself for the nonce the name of *Bonnycastle*, thereby exciting the real *Bonnycastle's* jealousy. *Mrs. Bonnycastle*, afterwards entering, identifies her husband, and precipitates explanations. Mr. Buckstone, as usual, does the drollery of the piece with characteristic vigour, and to his exertions its success is fairly attributable.

##### PUNCH'S PLAYHOUSE.

A farce entitled "Comter Attractions," by Mr. Tibbety, the actor, has been produced at this theatre, for the purpose of enabling Mr. John Reeve to perform the part of a strolling player, imitating not only the manner of several living foreigners, but the sound of musical instruments, in which the actor was successful.

## LAW INTELLIGENCE

At the autumn term the number of the students at Upsala University, Sweden, amounted to 843. It is said that Upsala Cathedral will be restored under the care of Professor Havermann.

## DISTRICT CHARITIES.

The figures of three hooded hawks are from the most perfect



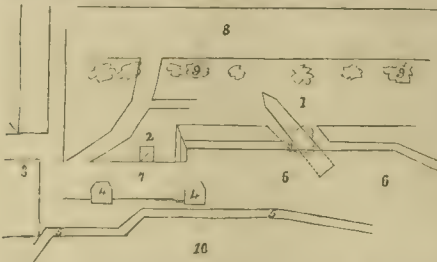
UPPER PORTION OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

tion of the shaft, being, however, sadly battered. The human figure and sphinx, with numerous hieroglyphs, are copied from the exposed facet of the apex of the obelisk, and are nearly perfect, probably from having been cut very shallow. Thirty-six feet only of the prostrate obelisk are uncovered. The whole length given by Champollion is a little over sixty-three French feet. It is 5 feet 8 inches wide at the part embedded in the sand and debris of the rampart; at the other end, at the base of the apex, it is an inch or two less than 4 feet in width. The greatest breadth of the obelisk is 7 feet 4 inches wide 10 feet from its north face of the upright obelisk is 7 feet 7 inches wide on the west base, and 3 feet from the latter it is 7 feet 7 inches wide on the west face. This obelisk is also close to the sea, as will be seen in the ground plan; it is nearly perfect to the north and west, while the south and east sides are nearly effaced, apparently by the action of the heated sandy wind, which blows from the south and eastward during the spring for fifty days, as its Arabic name, "Khamseen," implies; but this does not account for the effects produced, unless we allow

that the proximity to the sea exerts some influence in the work of destruction; for the two obelisks which still remain in their original place at Luxor are unaffected by the Khamseen, which is more felt there than at Alexandria; they retain as keen an edge as if they were turned out of the sculptor's hands but yesterday.

A sort of margin, about a foot wide, runs along the north portion of the east face of the upright obelisk at Alexandria, presents a nearly perfect surface from the base to the apex, and forms a remarkable contrast to the rest of the east face, which is in a very decayed state.

Gallioe Bey, the French General of Engineers, who constructed the fortifications of Alexandria, in 1845-46, and who was brought to Egypt by the late Mehmet Ali for that purpose, left a space in the ramparts so as not to cover in the prostrate obelisk entirely; though its preservation might have been better secured by covering it over. To this French officer we are much indebted for the taste he has shown in beautifying the grounds adjoining the obelisk, and rendering it not only accessible, but a pleasant and now much-frequented promenade, where formerly nothing but mounds of rubbish, herds of dogs, and mud huts of the poorest natives made the locality formidable to visitors.



GROUND-PLAN, SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE OBELISK.

In removing the obelisk, some difficulty would be experienced from the shallowness of the water, which, for thirty or forty feet from the wall, is only two or three feet deep; and at the distance of several hundred feet is only thirteen feet deep.

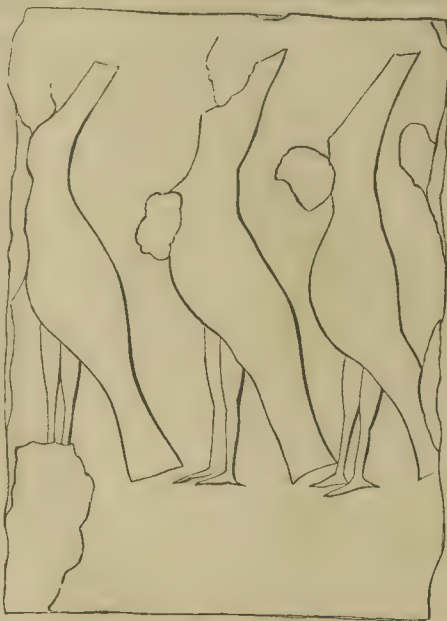
Mr. Stephenson, who has so recently visited Egypt, might be consulted as to the expense of the removal of the obelisk, and whether it would be worth the trouble; while his staff of engineers for the construction of the railway, could easily afford great assistance in the matter.

Judging from the friendliness so constantly shown by Abbas Pacha to the English, and his great attachment to the Hon. Mr. Murray, no difficulty would probably be experienced from the Viceroy of Egypt.

#### BOTTESINI, THE CONTRABASSIST.

The musical marvel of the age is unquestionably Bottesini, the extraordinarily gifted musician and contrabassist, whose portrait is presented by our Artists in this day's columns. He was born in 1833, at Crema, a small episcopal town on the Sorio, in the delegation of Lodi, Lombardy. Jean Bottesini's parents, and indeed all his family, are in the musical profession. He was only four years of age when he commenced his studies, his master being his uncle, Cogliati, a priest.

Crema is a manufacturing town of some 9000 inhabitants, but it has its gymnasium, and Bottesini's early education was carefully attended to. His uncle evidently perceived that the musical indications of the boy were of no ordinary nature. The violin was his first instrument, and at seven years of age he played a solo on the stage, making thus his first bow to the public. Singularly enough, whilst he was being taught the violin, he took a fancy for the double bass, and indulged this exceptional taste by playing on the huge instrument, without guidance, and without any fixed ideas of its competency for effect. As he progressed rapidly with the violin, great pains were taken to make him an accomplished pianist, and no difficulty was found in this respect, as his natural aptitude was so marked. When he had attained the age of twelve years, there was a vacancy in the famed Conservatory of Milan, and Bottesini entered the lists as a candidate. His election followed as a matter of course, so remarkable were his talents; and on the 1st of November, 1855-56, he was installed in the great Milan Academy of Music, where he formed a lasting acquaintance and friend-



FIGURES ON "CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE."

ship with the celebrated Piatti, the violoncellist. It was Luigi Ross who became the teacher of Bottesini of the mystery of double-bass playing, according to the schools of the distinguished Andreoli and the renowned Dragonetti. The pupil of Rossi always speaks in the highest terms of the valuable instruction of this professor. Whilst conquering the intricacies of his unwieldy double bass, Bottesini carefully studied counterpoint and composition under Vacaj and other masters. Such was the rapid advance made by Bottesini, that he was permitted by the authorities to leave the Conservatory three years before his time of probation had expired, pupils, by the regulations of the foundation, being ordinarily obliged to remain until they are twenty years old. Bottesini then took to the wandering musical Arab-like life of young and roving dispositions, visiting every part of Italy, playing and composing in turn—sometimes writing overtures, then throwing off romances, and anon making up fantasies. He visited Germany; but, after playing in Vienna, was compelled, owing to serious illness, to give up his career for a time. Tired of this wandering artistic existence, he willingly accepted an offer that was made for him to visit the New World, and Bottesini for three years was conductor of the Italian Opera-house at the Havannah, Mdle. Steffanoni, Signor Salvi and Signor Marini being members of the company.



M. BOTTESINI, THE CONTRABASSIST.—DRAWN BY BAUGNIET.

The Italian artists who have been associated with Bottesini speak in the most enthusiastic terms of his abilities as a musical director and conductor of an orchestra. Bottesini's first appearance in this country was at the annual concert of Mrs. Anderson, May 25, 1849. The directors of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden, appreciating the marvellous ability of Bottesini, afforded him the opportunity of a *début* on their boards at the morning concert, May 30, 1849. Never shall we forget the sensation created by this appearance of the contrabassist. It was in the second part of the programme that a pale-looking young man, whose person ladies would do declare to be interesting, came forward with a double bass to perform Paganini's "Carnaval de Venise." To describe the enthusiasm of the audiences would be impossible: Costa and the band joined quite as heartily in the cheering at the astounding feats of the young player; and Grisi, Mdme. Persiani, Mdme. Dorus-Gras, Miss Catherine Hayes, Mdme. Angri, Mdme. Corbani, Mdme. de Merio, Mario, Sims Reeves, Tamburini, &c., were seen on the stage or at the side, applauding with vehemence the Italian wonder. Bottesini returned to this country in the spring of this year. His *début* was at Miss Catherine Hayes's farewell concert, at the Hanover-square Rooms, May 19; on the next day he played at the Musical Union; and on the 26th at the Philharmonic Concert. On the 3d of June he performed, with Piatti, a duo at Ernst's concert with unparalleled effect. This past season he reached, indeed, the summit of popularity. Julien has had the good fortune to engage him for the present series of concerts at Drury-lane Theatre, and Bottesini has performed nightly to crowded houses, with a growing rapture on the part of the masses, at his wondrous achievements. His execution and style are indeed unique; he makes the double bass sing with a sweetness like a "lover's lute," whilst nothing can surpass the force, delicacy, and precision of his passage playing. His performances are as agreeable as they are astonishing, as wonderful as they are graceful, as masterly as they are melodious. His manipulation is so perfect that he produces the most exquisite harmonies with unexceptional justness of intonation. His singing of the tenor air from the "Sonnambula" and his rendering of Paganini's "Carnaval" eccentricities are equally to be admired. Bottesini, we may add, has composed an opera for the Italian company in America.



THE BOA CONSTRUCTOR SWALLOWING THE BLANKET, IN THE MENAGERIE OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)

# DEN TAPFRE LANDSOLDAT. THE GALLANT SOLDIER.

TRANSLATED BY THE COUNTESS REVENTLOW.

[Copyright.]

ARRANGED BY BRINLEY RICHARDS.

*con spirito.*

*f* *p*

The time I march'd a-way, The

time I march'd a-way, My girl would go with me, Yes! my girl would go with me; No, love, you can't do so, For to the war I go; And

if I do not fall, my love, I'll soon come back to you. If dan-ger were not near, why, I'd then remain with thee; But all the girls of Denmark are

*p*

*con anima.*

trust-ing now to me. And there-fore will I fight, like a gal-lant sol-dier, fight. Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!

II.  
My mammy and my dad,  
My mammy and my dad,  
They thus to me did say,  
Yes! thus to me did say:  
"When those we trust upon  
Forth to the war are gone,  
By whom shall all the fields be plough'd, by whom the grass be mown?"  
Why, that's the very reason why we all must march away,  
Or else will come the Germans here, and for us make our hay;  
And therefore will I fight, like a gallant soldier, fight.  
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

III.  
The Danelroy,\* 'tis known,  
The Danelroy, 'tis known,  
It fell from heaven down,  
Yes! it fell from heaven down;  
It floats upon the mast,  
The soldier grasps it fast,  
And there's no other flag whose name through such renown has pass'd.  
And this the Germans wildly tear and trample under foot;  
But for such use our flag is far, is far too old and good.  
And therefore will I fight, like a gallant soldier, fight.  
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

VI.  
The Germans we defy!  
The Germans we defy!  
For with us is the King,  
Yes! for with us is the King;  
He stands with sabre drawn,  
To cut the Germans down!  
For many years no king like this has worn the Danish crown.  
They'd have all the world believe that he is no longer free,  
And yet themselves would keep him in German slavery.  
And therefore will I fight, like a gallant soldier, fight.  
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

V.  
For our girls and our home,  
For our girls and our home,  
We'll fight 'gainst all who come,  
Yes! we'll fight 'gainst all who come;  
And woe the wretch betide  
Who would dare himself to hide,  
And will not give his life and blood for "Danelroy," his pride!  
But should I not return to my old dad and mother dear,  
King Frederik, with these famed words, their drooping hearts will cheer:  
"His faith and love he proved, the gallant soldier proved."  
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

\* Danelroy is the name of the Danish flag.

## THE DANISH NATIONAL AIR.

DENMARK is celebrated for the nationality of the population: the capital, Copenhagen, is at the head of the civilisation of the north of Europe, and there is no city in which education is more universally disseminated, and which contains a greater number of literary and scientific institutions. It has been asserted that a nation may be judged by her songs; and the patriotism of the Danes cannot be mistrusted after the soul-stirring appeal to the gallantry of the sons of Denmark put forward at the period of the conflict on the Schleswig-Holstein question. In Hurler's *Troops from Leith to Lyndal*, the subjoined account is given of the national war-song of Denmark:

"The most famous national war-song in the world is the 'Marschallaise,' but in my humble estimation it is decidedly inferior to that of Denmark. 'Den Tapfre Landsoldat' ('The Brave Soldier-lad'). The latter, moreover, does not partake of that blood-thirsty spirit which pervades the French hymn. 'Den tapfre Landsoldat' was written and set to music at the commencement of the war between Denmark and the

Dutchies; and so eminently national is it, that one burst of enthusiasm from end to end of the kingdom hailed its advent. The author and composer were both rewarded with knighthood of the order of the Dannebrog. During my residence at Copenhagen, 'Den Tapfre Landsoldat' was in the mouth of old and young, at all hours, in all places, on all occasions. The gentleman hummed it over his wine, the lady at her toilet, the mechanic at his bench, the shopman at his counter, the maiden at her spinning-wheel, the child at its play. If you walk the streets, you hear it more or less every few yards; if you enter a drawing-room, the young ladies were sure to be thrumming it on the piano; if you bought a pocket-handkerchief, you would find the words and music printed on it. I have heard it sung in grand chorus by whole battalions of soldiers on the march, and my own little fairy queen of three years of age has lisped it to me. So powerfully does it appeal to the hearts of Scandinavians, that in Christiania and Bergen I heard it sung by the Norwegian troops, and almost as frequently as by the Danes in Copenhagen; and when I sailed into the harbour of Tromsø, close on the borders of Finland, a boat came from the town with a bugle playing the spirit-stirring air with first-rate skill."

The motif of the Danish national air was printed in notation on a handkerchief, in the centre of which a soldier was displayed, bearing the loved banner of the nation. On the handkerchief were displayed the arms and colours of Denmark, with emblematical devices. Every soldier in the army had one of these colours about him. The air was cleverly arranged for the piano-forte by Brinley Richards, the pianist and composer, and published by Cramer, Beale, and Co. It was dedicated to the late respected Danish ambassador, Count Reventlow. Mr. Richards's published arrangement would have been too high for singing, and we now present the air in this day's number of *The Illustrated London News*, arranged by Mr. Richards in a lower key, with a translation of the Danish words by the Countess de Reventlow. The late ambassador sent over to Denmark a number of copies of Mr. Richards's arrangement of the air, and it was played by royal command by the military bands on parade. The music and words are now published, for the first time in this country, in our columns: in the translation, the fidelity of the meaning has been very closely adhered to by the Countess Reventlow.

**THE BANKING INSTITUTE.**—The first monthly meeting of the mem-

[illegible]

24 inst., in his 71st year, Colonel Francis Dacre.—On the 20th inst, Jane, the wife of  
of Clement A Edwards, 18th (Royal Irish) Regiment.—On the 21st inst, in his 61st year,  
Rev John Harly Raven, rector of Worlington, Suffolk, and for many years vicar of the  
living parish of Mildenhall.—At London, Canada, on the 9th of October, James  
and, eldest son of George Bradshaw Bont, Esq (of the Montreal Bank), aged 11.

**CHESSMEN** in Ivory, Bone, and Hard Woods  
 at HALLIDAY'S, Importers, Manufacturers, 83 High

**CHESSMEN** in Ivory, Bone, and Hard Woods  
 at HALLIDAY'S, Importers, Manufacturers, 83 High

**CHESSMEN** in Ivory, Bone, and Hard Woods  
cheap, at HALLETT'S Ivory Turnery Manufactory, 83, High  
Holborn. Try his 4s 6d set. The Trade supplied. N.B. India and  
other Chessmen repaired. Ivory Turning taught at 1s 6d per lesson,  
or 12 per quarter

**REEVESS' MOIST WATER-COLOURS,**  
warranted to keep in any climate. Also, their Colours in Cakes,  
and pure Cumberland Lead Pencils, are now used by all artists.—  
Manufactory, 113, Cheapside, London.

**AIR-GUNS AND AIR-CANES, for Shooting**  
rabbits, rooks, sea-fowl, &c. with ball, small birds with  
shot, fish with harpoons and lins. Prices from 65s., pump and appar-

**IF YOU REQUIRE FAMILY ARMS,** send name and county to the Lincoln's-Inn Heraldic Office, Great Turnstile, Lincoln's Inn. Fee for searching and sketch, 3s 6d, or postage

**ELASTIC BANDAGE.—BAILEY'S NEW**  
BANDAGE is soft, it increases circulation, and gives great

comfort to the parts requiring bandages. May be had through the post, 6d and 7d per yard. Also, his Patent Elastic Stockings, knocaps, socks, hunting-bells, trusses, crutches, spinal stays, and everything for the relief of the afflicted. Copy the address—H. BAILEY, 418, Oxford-street, London. N.B. Surgeons supplied.

**H**AIR MEMENTOS.—ARTIST in HAIR.—DEWDNEY sends to Ladies resident in any part of the Kingdom a BOOK of SPECIMENS for two postage stamps. He also beautifully makes, and elegantly mounts in fine gold, Hair Bracelets.

**JEWELLERS** in HAIR and MOURNING  
JEWELLERY. The Nobility and Gentry are solicited to in-

spec. the newest and most extensive stock of Ornaments in Hair and Mourning Jewellery, at TESSIER and SON'S, 32, Conduit-street, Bond-street; and 32, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square. Manufacturing every article on their own premises enables them to sell at a saving of 25 per cent. to their customers. An assortment for

**RICHARD ATKINSON and CO., IRISH**  
POPLIN MANUFACTURERS to the QUEEN, her Royal

Highness the Duchess of Kent, in Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant, &c.—Atkinson and Co. beg respectfully to acquaint the nobility and gentry of Great Britain, that they transmit SPECIMENS for inspection per post free, and any Poplin orders are sent free of expense to London, Liverpool, Bristol, Plymouth, Falmouth, or Glasgow, from

**METCALFE and CO.'S NEW PATTERN**  
TOOTH-BRUSH and SMYRNA SPONGES.—The Tooth-brush

searches thoroughly into the divisions, and cleanses them in the most extraordinary manner; hairs never come loose; &c. Particularly penetrating Hair-brushes, with the durable unbleached Russia bristles which will not soften like common hair. Improved Clothes-brush that cleans harmlessly in one-third the time. An immense Stock of

**DRESS SHIRTS**, for Evening Parties, &c.

at 7s 6d, 10s 6d, and 14s 6d each. A variety of the newest patterns kept ready for immediate use. Long cloth shirts, Six for 31s 6d, 37s 6d, and 43s.—H. S. HIRD, 363, Oxford-street, four doors from the Pantheon, and directly opposite the Princess's Theatre.

**DODGERS'S IMPROVED SHIRTS.**

31s 6d and 37s 6d the Half Dozen; combining the highest degree of excellence at the smallest cost. Satisfaction (as usual) guaranteed, or the money returned.

Printed price lists, with full particulars, directions for self-measurement, &c., sent on application.

RODGERS and CO., Improved Shirt Makers, 59, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, Charing-cross, London. Established Sixty Years. Boys

**THOMAS BOULTON'S NEEDLES.**—These  
Needles have been celebrated for the last half-century, and are  
unsurpassed in excellence. They are manufactured of the best spring

steel, have highly-finished taper points, and perfectly burnished urines eyes. Sold in papers, and in every variety of fancy boxes and cases adapted for presents, by Owen, 98 Oxford-street; Millikin, 161. Strand; Looker, 42, Leadenhall-street, City; and by many drapers. "Thomas Boulton, manufacturer," London," on each paper.

**CUTLERY for CHRISTMAS.—DEANES**  
London-bridge. Established 1700—DEANE, DRAY, and CO  
having made extensive purchases at the Great Exhibition, including  
the splendid case of Messrs. Rodgers and Sons, beg to announce th

they have removed the same to their premises, King William-street, where they have now on show an elaborate and unparalleled display of every description of CUTLERY, including several rare and cost specimens. An early inspection of their stock is respectfully solicited, comprising, in addition to the above, electro plate, lumps, papier m

every article of ironmongery and hardware. Detailed catalogues may be had on application, or free by post.—**DRANK, DRAY, and CO** (opening to the Monument), London-bridge.

—JOHN MAPLE, 145, 146, and 147, Tottenham Court-road begs to invite families furnishing, before they purchase Carpets, inspect his immense Stock of this very superior description of Carpeting, which surpasses every other in durability, economy, and

some, and about half the price of Brussels. In the same Show-Rooms are to be seen every other description of Carpet, as well as the largest assortment of modern Household Furniture in the world; one Show-Room alone, in which are Bedsteads and Bedding.

**ELEGANT TOILET REQUISITES.—ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL** is highly and universally appreciated.

KALYDOR is a preparation of unparalleled efficacy in improving and beautifying the skin and complexion; and ROWLAND'S ODORE or Pearl Dentifrice, is invaluable for its beautifying and preservative effects on the teeth and gums. The patronage of Royalty throughout the world, and the numerous testimonials constantly received of the

Europe, and the numerous testimonials of its efficacy, afford the best and surest proof of their merits. Beware of spurious imitations. The only genuine of each bears the name "Rowlands'" preceding that of the article on the wrapper or label. Sold by them at 10, Hatton-garden, London; and by chemists and perfumers.

**BRITISH COLLEGE of HEALTH, New**  
road, London.—**MORISON'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL**  
**MEDICINE.**—None are genuine unless they come direct from the C  
at 10, 11, & 12, Morison's Universal Medicines.

grated on the Government stamp. See List of duly authorized agents. This caution is highly necessary. No chemists or druggists are authorized to sell Morison's Pills.—(Signed) MORISON & CO., Hyge-

**A STUPEFACANT FOR CROUP, COUGHS and COLDS.—O**

**A**sthma, Coughs, and Croup. of Dr. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS allowed to dissolve in the mouth immediately relieves the most violent Asthma, Cough or Croup, and protects weak lungs from all the irritation of fogs and frost. They have a pleasant taste to singers and public speakers.

they are invaluable for clearing and strengthening the voices. —  
Is 14d, 2s 9d., and 11s per box. Sold by all druggists; also Dr.  
cock's Female Wafers—the best medicine for females.—Full directions  
with every box.

---

**NO MORE PILLS NOR ANY OTHER MEDICINE.**

**D**ÜBARRY'S REVALENT  
ARABICA FOOD CURES INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, NERVOUSNESS, BILIOUSNESS, liver complaints, hemorrhoidal affections, diarrhoea, acidity, rheumatism, gout, headache, indigestion, debility, nervousness, etc.

skin, sickness at the stomach during pregnancy, at sea, and under all other circumstances; debility in the aged as well as in infants; low spirits, &c. spasms, cramps, paralysis, &c. **DU BARRY** & Co., 127, New Bond-street, London. A few out of 50,000 Cures. See list of names on the Right Hand of the Lord's name.

licies—"I have derived considerable benefit from your Food and consider it due to yourselves and the public to acknowledge the publication of these facts. Stewart de Deckers" Cure 1906-2: "Fifty years' insupportable agony from dyspepsia, nervous prostration, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sick-

vomiting, flatulency, diarrhoea, &c., have been removed by I. B. Barry's excellent food. Maria Jolly Wortham, Lingon at Luss, Norfolk." No. 189: "Twenty-five years' nervousness, constipation, indigestion, and debility, from which I had suffered great misery, which no medicine could remove or relieve, have been effected

2s 6d  
ism  
Pine

swelled by Du Barry's Food in a very short time, and it has  
sweetened my poor temper. W. R. Reeves, Pool Anthony,  
vertin. Cure No. 4208. "Eight years' dyspepsia, nervousness,  
Lumb. with cramps, spasms, and neuralgia, for which my servant  
consulted the advice of many, have been all actually removed

Dr. Barry's delicious Food in a very short time. I shall  
happy to answer any inquiries. Rev. John W. Flavel, Rad-  
cliff Rectory, North "Cure No. 1009. "Three years' excessive nerv-  
ous, with pains in the neck and left arm, and general debility,  
which rendered my life very miserable, has been radically

price moved by Du Barre's Food. Alex. Stuart, Archdeacon of  
 Bishopric. — Copies of testimonials of 50,000 cures (including  
 of Major-General Thomas Kinnear, Drs. Ross, Shorland, and Har  
 grants. In London, Messrs. Kinnear, Mason, and Co, 162, Piccadilly  
 Farvels to her Majesty the Queen; Hedges and Butler, 155, R. a

years, street view at no. 60, Old Church-street; 49, Ballio-gate-street which  
Cape de, 330 and 451, Strand; Barclay; Edwards; Sutton; L  
nav, 14, Oxford-street; Sanger, 150, Oxford-street; and through-  
representatives of cars, cabs, and medicine vendors. In each  
P. 100 V packed for all climates, and with full instructions—

2 1/2, 2 3/4, 3, 3 1/4, 3 1/2, 3 3/4, 4, 4 1/4, 4 1/2, 4 3/4, 5, 5 1/4, 5 1/2, 5 3/4, 6, 6 1/4, 6 1/2, 6 3/4, 7, 7 1/4, 7 1/2, 7 3/4, 8, 8 1/4, 8 1/2, 8 3/4, 9, 9 1/4, 9 1/2, 9 3/4, 10, 10 1/4, 10 1/2, 10 3/4, 11, 11 1/4, 11 1/2, 11 3/4, 12, 12 1/4, 12 1/2, 12 3/4, 13, 13 1/4, 13 1/2, 13 3/4, 14, 14 1/4, 14 1/2, 14 3/4, 15, 15 1/4, 15 1/2, 15 3/4, 16, 16 1/4, 16 1/2, 16 3/4, 17, 17 1/4, 17 1/2, 17 3/4, 18, 18 1/4, 18 1/2, 18 3/4, 19, 19 1/4, 19 1/2, 19 3/4, 20, 20 1/4, 20 1/2, 20 3/4, 21, 21 1/4, 21 1/2, 21 3/4, 22, 22 1/4, 22 1/2, 22 3/4, 23, 23 1/4, 23 1/2, 23 3/4, 24, 24 1/4, 24 1/2, 24 3/4, 25, 25 1/4, 25 1/2, 25 3/4, 26, 26 1/4, 26 1/2, 26 3/4, 27, 27 1/4, 27 1/2, 27 3/4, 28, 28 1/4, 28 1/2, 28 3/4, 29, 29 1/4, 29 1/2, 29 3/4, 30, 30 1/4, 30 1/2, 30 3/4, 31, 31 1/4, 31 1/2, 31 3/4, 32, 32 1/4, 32 1/2, 32 3/4, 33, 33 1/4, 33 1/2, 33 3/4, 34, 34 1/4, 34 1/2, 34 3/4, 35, 35 1/4, 35 1/2, 35 3/4, 36, 36 1/4, 36 1/2, 36 3/4, 37, 37 1/4, 37 1/2, 37 3/4, 38, 38 1/4, 38 1/2, 38 3/4, 39, 39 1/4, 39 1/2, 39 3/4, 40, 40 1/4, 40 1/2, 40 3/4, 41, 41 1/4, 41 1/2, 41 3/4, 42, 42 1/4, 42 1/2, 42 3/4, 43, 43 1/4, 43 1/2, 43 3/4, 44, 44 1/4, 44 1/2, 44 3/4, 45, 45 1/4, 45 1/2, 45 3/4, 46, 46 1/4, 46 1/2, 46 3/4, 47, 47 1/4, 47 1/2, 47 3/4, 48, 48 1/4, 48 1/2, 48 3/4, 49, 49 1/4, 49 1/2, 49 3/4, 50, 50 1/4, 50 1/2, 50 3/4, 51, 51 1/4, 51 1/2, 51 3/4, 52, 52 1/4, 52 1/2, 52 3/4, 53, 53 1/4, 53 1/2, 53 3/4, 54, 54 1/4, 54 1/2, 54 3/4, 55, 55 1/4, 55 1/2, 55 3/4, 56, 56 1/4, 56 1/2, 56 3/4, 57, 57 1/4, 57 1/2, 57 3/4, 58, 58 1/4, 58 1/2, 58 3/4, 59, 59 1/4, 59 1/2, 59 3/4, 60, 60 1/4, 60 1/2, 60 3/4, 61, 61 1/4, 61 1/2, 61 3/4, 62, 62 1/4, 62 1/2, 62 3/4, 63, 63 1/4, 63 1/2, 63 3/4, 64, 64 1/4, 64 1/2, 64 3/4, 65, 65 1/4, 65 1/2, 65 3/4, 66, 66 1/4, 66 1/2, 66 3/4, 67, 67 1/4, 67 1/2, 67 3/4, 68, 68 1/4, 68 1/2, 68 3/4, 69, 69 1/4, 69 1/2, 69 3/4, 70, 70 1/4, 70 1/2, 70 3/4, 71, 71 1/4, 71 1/2, 71 3/4, 72, 72 1/4, 72 1/2, 72 3/4, 73, 73 1/4, 73 1/2, 73 3/4, 74, 74 1/4, 74 1/2, 74 3/4, 75, 75 1/4, 75 1/2, 75 3/4, 76, 76 1/4, 76 1/2, 76 3/4, 77, 77 1/4, 77 1/2, 77 3/4, 78, 78 1/4, 78 1/2, 78 3/4, 79, 79 1/4, 79 1/2, 79 3/4, 80, 80 1/4, 80 1/2, 80 3/4, 81, 81 1/4, 81 1/2, 81 3/4, 82, 82 1/4, 82 1/2, 82 3/4, 83, 83 1/4, 83 1/2, 83 3/4, 84, 84 1/4, 84 1/2, 84 3/4, 85, 85 1/4, 85 1/2, 85 3/4, 86, 86 1/4, 86 1/2, 86 3/4, 87, 87 1/4, 87 1/2, 87 3/4, 88, 88 1/4, 88 1/2, 88 3/4, 89, 89 1/4, 89 1/2, 89 3/4, 90, 90 1/4, 90 1/2, 90 3/4, 91, 91 1/4, 91 1/2, 91 3/4, 92, 92 1/4, 92 1/2, 92 3/4, 93, 93 1/4, 93 1/2, 93 3/4, 94, 94 1/4, 94 1/2, 94 3/4, 95, 95 1/4, 95 1/2, 95 3/4, 96, 96 1/4, 96 1/2, 96 3/4, 97, 97 1/4, 97 1/2, 97 3/4, 98, 98 1/4, 98 1/2, 98 3/4, 99, 99 1/4, 99 1/2, 99 3/4, 100, 100 1/4, 100 1/2, 100 3/4, 101, 101 1/4, 101 1/2, 101 3/4, 102, 102 1/4, 102 1/2, 102 3/4, 103, 103 1/4, 103 1/2, 103 3/4, 104, 104 1/4, 104 1/2, 104 3/4, 105, 105 1/4, 105 1/2, 105 3/4, 106, 106 1/4, 106 1/2, 106 3/4, 107, 107 1/4, 107 1/2, 107 3/4, 108, 108 1/4, 108 1/2, 108 3/4, 109, 109 1/4, 109 1/2, 109 3/4, 110, 110 1/4, 110 1/2, 110 3/4, 111, 111 1/4, 111 1/2, 111 3/4, 112, 112 1/4, 112 1/2, 112 3/4, 113, 113 1/4, 113 1/2, 113 3/4, 114, 114 1/4, 114 1/2, 114 3/4, 115, 115 1/4, 115 1/2, 115 3/4, 116, 116 1/4, 116 1/2, 116 3/4, 117, 117 1/4, 117 1/2, 117 3/4, 118, 118 1/4, 118 1/2, 118 3/4, 119, 119 1/4, 119 1/2, 119 3/4, 120, 120 1/4, 120 1/2, 120 3/4, 121, 121 1/4, 121 1/2, 121 3/4, 122, 122 1/4, 122 1/2, 122 3/4, 123, 123 1/4, 123 1/2, 123 3/4, 124, 124 1/4, 124 1/2, 124 3/4, 125, 125 1/4, 125 1/2, 125 3/4, 126, 126 1/4, 126 1/2, 126 3/4, 127, 127 1/4, 127 1/2, 127 3/4, 128, 128 1/4, 128 1/2, 128 3/4, 129, 129 1/4, 129 1/2, 129 3/4, 130, 130 1/4, 130 1/2, 130 3/4, 131, 131 1/4, 131 1/2, 131 3/4, 132, 132 1/4, 132 1/2, 132 3/4, 133, 133 1/4, 133 1/2, 133 3/4, 134, 134 1/4, 134 1/2, 134 3/4, 135, 135 1/4, 135 1/2, 135 3/4, 136, 136 1/4, 136 1/2, 136 3/4, 137, 137 1/4, 137 1/2, 137 3/4, 138, 138 1/4, 138 1/2, 138 3/4, 139, 139 1/4, 139 1/2, 139 3/4, 140, 140 1/4, 140 1/2, 140 3/4, 141, 141 1/4, 141 1/2, 141 3/4, 142, 142 1/4, 142 1/2, 142 3/4, 143, 143 1/4, 14

LONDON: Printed and Published at the Office, 198, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by  
LIAM LITTLE, 198, Strand, aforesaid.—SATURDAY, NOV. 29.

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



VOL. XIX.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1851.

[GRATIS.]

## ON ORIENTAL TRAVELLERS.

I PROPOSE to discourse here, for a little while, on a body of men whose works form a staple ingredient in the supply of literary food consumed by our friend the "reading public." Every now and then a young gentleman returns from Greece or Egypt, with a beard and an M.S. In a week or two, the new journal of Travels in the East is announced, and a new "oriental traveller" takes his place among the "wise men" who have pre-

ceded him. The title has become as habitual and familiar as that of "commercial traveller;" it denotes a higher order of "bag-men"—one whose carpet-bag has accompanied him beyond the highways of civilisation, and who bears samples of the products of the lands of the rising sun. All sorts of riches are brought home by the gallant fellows—sometimes "stuffs," in the way of useful information—sometimes the perfumes and ointment, the myrtle and frankincense, of sentiment—sometimes relics, and beads of devotion—sometimes the gay garments of buffonery. It is curious to see how each school of thinkers at home sends its

representative abroad—how each school's disciple brings home his own views of the East. Let us take the opportunity of examining a few of the works of these gentlemen, *apropos* of the cheap issue of "Eothen," (Longman's Edition,) the most popular of them all—a book which everybody has read, and which everybody will be glad to recur to.

I know the oriental traveller of old, and have seen him in his glory. I have heard him hold forth on ancient architecture, at a dinner at Athens—I have met him trotting along on horseback in the lanes near Beyrout—I have seen him drinking bottled stout



A STREET IN CONSTANTINOPLE, WITH THE FOUNTAIN AND MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMET.—DRAWN BY THOMAS ALLOM.

(and very good bottled stout) at a little village in the plains of Smyrna—I have stood with him, and seen the caravan pass over the Camel's Bridge, in the last-mentioned town, and heard the jingle of the bells, as the motley-coloured crew, with their camels and their freight, in all their picturesqueness, disorder, sootiness, and tawdriness, passed away by the cypress-grove towards the heart of the old countries. I sympathise with the wanderer when he will speak honestly—though, of course, I laugh at the rup-

tures of Higg, who pretends to find perfumes in the odour of a dead camel, rather than not be enchanted with everything oriental; while, on the other hand, I equally despise Snigg, who goes upon the sneering principle, and mixes muddy satire with the waters of the old Nile. I pleasantly laugh, also, at the youth who will be determinedly critical about the spelling of words, who tortures me to perplexity as to "nargile," "nargilly," or "nargileh;" who has discovered a new

variation of the word "harem"—who is too punctilious in writing Al Rasehid as the name of an old friend, the good Haroun Alraschid. These are various forms of the absurdities which are patronised by what fanatics call the "weaker brethren;" they journey to the East, but instead of orient pearls, genuine—they give us paste.

It is a sad thing to reflect on, that, with regard to the East, Europe's honeymoon of travelling is over. Pleasure she may

have—but no more rapture. The East has no more that sublime veil of mystery round her which she had for our ancestors. We don't gather round the pilgrim to gaze with reverence on the shell in his hat—to touch his palm-branch—to listen to his wonderful stories. We ask him when he left Alexandria in the steamer, and we know that he left his curiosities at the Custom-house. We are perfectly acquainted with the "natural productions" of the places he has visited; we have caught Leviathan, and sent him to the Zoological Gardens. How different the position of our modern from our first oriental traveller! Picture to yourself old Sir John de Mandeville! Leaving his native St. Albans, he resolves to explore the regions of wonders. In 1332 the knight wandered away—he travelled for thirty years—he returned, and was known as Sir John of the Beard—and it must have been a beard to attract so much notice in those days. He tells us of "eels thirty feet long," and "men of evil colour, yellow and green." The old gentleman was under the impression that Rhodes was five hundred miles from Cyprus. Of the island of Lango he tells us that it contained "Ypocras, the king's daughter, in the manner of a dragon, who is one hundred feet long." Some say, "he goes on," that she shall dwell so until the time that a knight come that is hardy enough to kiss her mouth, and then she shall turn again to her own kind, and be a woman." It must be added, however, that he proceeds to say, "I have not seen her." And further on he gives us a vegetable to match the zoological miracle. "In Egypt," he says, "men fynden long apples to sell, and clep them *apples of Paradyse*, and they be right sweet, and of good savour. And though they cut them in never so many parties—evermore you shall find in the myddes the figure of the Holy Cross."

Not so false, Sir John!—We may exclaim—not so false, at all events, Sir John, to you! For in Sir John's age, out where you liked—the poetry, the social life, the public policy—you would find the figure of the Holy Cross at the heart of it.

So, the knight jogs along, in his stiff, quaint style—a style like the cumbersome armour of his day. He dismisses one valley in a phrase with, "This vale is all full of devils, and hath been always." He returned to Europe, a grave, bearded, brown old knight—grumbled at the state of the age—says Fuller, being wont to say, *Virtus cessat, Ecclesia calcatur, Clerus errat, Demos regnat, Sinimia dominatur*; till, dying at Liege, he escaped from the formidable list of evils, all at once. Let us kindly remember our first Oriental Traveller!

Our first in one sense—that is, of the list of English gentlemen travelling to consider and to know—a genuine traveller, as distinct from pilgrim or crusader—though these were fine, brave men in their day. But our first modern oriental traveller, acute, picturesque, adventurous, was a different person altogether. Turn to the days of Pope and Addison, and make your bow to Lady Mary Wortley Montague! In her letters we have the East viewed by European light, in a style quite perfect of its kind—elegant, acute, vivacious, with a dash of pedantry—what you may call a *Bloomer* literary style, such as women not uncommonly write—a semi-masculine ornamental garb. Her ladyship cleared away many absurdities of opinion about the East, and got a great insight into the domestic relations of the Constantinople society. She is a perfect connoisseur in the Turkish dress, and writes with the same freedom on Turkish morals. "The Turkish ladies do not commit one sin the less for not being Christians," says she, in her epigrammatic way. And she observes, in contradistinction to preceding travellers, that they (the Turkish ladies) have, in reality, more freedom than the English have—a remark which would seem to be borne out by the observations, in our day, of Mr. Urquhart, who lived in Turkey long. Lady Montague's letters contain some capital descriptions—and she never softens colour—we may look on her as the Eve (though I fear she would have sneered at that name)—the Eve, or mother of modern travellers in the East. She kept those bright eyes of hers open to all that was going on about her, and spoke with entire sincerity what she thought—two most necessary and uncommon qualifications for a traveller.

Our business, in this article, is not to deal with the travellers for purposes of political and antiquarian inquiry. I shall not ask whether the Sphinx is a female, or what is the state of the Syrian milk trade. The camel may shamble along with his load of mulberry leaves unmolested, unless some touch of human sympathy be awakened by him. It is with men as men, travelling for pleasure or sentiment, and looking with human eyes, that I at present busy myself. I heartily honour Belzoni (I have drunk his health in Antiparos); I have tried to read Wilkinson; but, with these luminaries I have nothing to present to do. Occasionally consult Gell, and occasionally Christopher Wordsworth; but this is not the time to inquire whether the Parthenon was originally coloured, or who was the architect of the graceful little Temple of the Winds in its vicinity; still less shall I meddle with the records of diplomacy, or what Thackeray calls the "treaty of Kabonabopolis." With the proceedings of Lord Ponsonby, and the exploits of Grivas, we have no business here.

To resume!—Everybody remembers what a fresh impulse was given to our curiosity about the East, by the writings of Byron. The East was one of England's attachments when she awoke at the end of the last century, and found that she had turned out half-a-dozen men of genius in a batch. Scott's harp charmed her into the halls of feudalism; Byron succeeded to him, and called her into the divans of the Osmanlee. The "Corsair," the "Giacin," the "Bride of Abydos," brought oriental figures into our drawing-rooms to be wondered at, and loved, and worshipped. The favourite ideal of a youth of imagination, in those days, was a Fatima or Leila, with almond-shaped eyes of lustrous black, and with the figure of a palm-tree. Every pretty girl became "a gazelle," and no tobacco was so popular as Latakia. The "yataghan" was a favourite instrument among dilettanti warriors. The effect was perfectly oriental—it was of the same character as that of opium. In Byron's time, one oriental work was published which I am glad to mention; it seems to be neglected unjustly at present, but one of these days it will, I hope, see the light in a cheap form, and regain its old reputation. I allude to Hope's *Anastasia*. Who that has read that admirable romance will ever forget the subtle, vain young Greek; the "old consul, who could not see an inch before his nose—and that was a snub one!"—the moving pictures of oriental life in its heat, its colour, its vivacity, its variety—the hum of war, the murmur of trade—the shadow thrown over all by the antiquity among the ruins of which this life goes on!—And in noticing books that have reflected the East to us, let the memory of our boyhood make us say a word of Lalla Rookh—that most wonderful ballet! We will not forget the wit, the gay redundancy of fancy, the silver charm of music in this poem of Moore's (admirable for the outside of oriental life)—though the little of pure Nature in his work be set in what is artificial—visible only dimly in it—like the drops of water inside the crystal which excited the epigrams of Claudian.

But it is time to be coming to our more immediate contemporaries. The Byronic orientalism paled away gradually; the soft sympathisers with Leila and Zuleika may have sorrowed when the great master became, instead of the passionate singer of woes, the brilliant, relentless, cold-blooded satirist of his age. *Don Juan* is the most un-romantic of all great poems. Keats flung it down on the floor in a rage. All Byron's gnomes and gazelles seemed rant compared with its sense, its piercing insight, and its demonic scorn. Byron, in fact, began the anti-Byronic reaction himself. And "Pelham," which introduced us first to

Bulwer, was the first striking effect of the Byronic reaction in popular literature. Peacock had felicitously ridiculed the worst Byronicisms in his satirical romances before; Shelley and Wordsworth were slowly diffusing an opposite spirit also; but "Pelham"—(a capital novel, irrespective of its purport)—gave our youth a fresh ideal. Pelhamism became a creed on its own account; there was now a certain gay worldliness and common-sense dominant, instead of the old passion and romanticism. A few young gentlemen began to whisper that Scott was "slow"—and the pungent, exciting, dazzling school of literature began its course.

Eastern literature—if the expression may be permitted—varied, of course, with these changes. We were not now deluged with tales about "yataghans," nor was the gentle gazelle worked to death, as of old. Instead of the oriental passionate school, we had two schools, into one or other of which all "oriental traveller" may be, with considerable accuracy, allotted. One of these was the Sentimental; the other the Humorous.—(To be sure, there are plenty of travellers who are neither—but with these I have nothing to do.) These two classes of travellers may, by a slight stretch of fancy, be compared to the two great classes of the olden day.—The Sentimentalist is a modern Pilgrim; the Humorousist a comic Crusader!

The Sentimentalist visits the East full of reverence for its Past. He is tinged with a gentle melancholy among its ruins, and "doth to the moon complain, like the owl in Gray. He sees in the oriental life the realisation of the pictures of manners in the "Arabian Nights." He delights in the bazaars, in the gleam of the Bosphorus, in the waving of the palm, in the tinkling of the camel's bell. But chiefly he loves to mourn uneasily among the ruins of the old times. For, after all, your "yataghans" and your "turbans" are things of to-day compared with the dark, gaunt, dead relics of Egypt. The Sentimentalist is disposed to sympathise with the East, thoroughly. He is tolerant of mosquitoes, and mal-odorous spots, and extortion, and cruelty, and crime even, perhaps; he knows that he is free of Europe, has got rid of ten-pounders, and Radical newspapers, and is in a land of mysticism and romance.

Mr. Disraeli is one of the travellers of this class, and one of the earliest we have to notice here. Does not "Contarini Fleming" open thus: "Wandering on those deserts of Africa, which border the Erythraean Sea, I came to the Nile."

To be sure, the simple phrase, "Red Sea," sufficed for the translators of the Bible, but "Erythraean" gives a certain magnificence which the simpler adjective wants. Then, Mr. Disraeli invokes destiny in the desert. Nothing can equal his sadness on this occasion. We have further evidence of his love of the East in the "Wonderous Tale of Alroy," than which title no title was ever more appropriate. "Wonderous," indeed, the work is—being written, to begin with, in a style which is neither verse nor prose—which abandons the constraint of prose, without rising into music—a style, reading like the rhymeless rhythm of "Queen Mab," robbed of its melody. But it is full of capital stuff—of vivid, gorgeous action and spirit—though it is not equal to his other Eastern tale, the "Rise of Iskander." And neither of them are equal to his later work, "Tancred," the Eastern parts of which (exhibiting the Sentimentalist school in its most efflorescent state) are done with a very effective, stately grandeur—as rhetoric, perhaps unequalled altogether. But, indeed, what rhetoric was not required to carry out such an idea as that of the journey of a mediocre young English peer—in a yacht—attended by servants, to kneel all night at the Holy Sepulchre! It needed great power to save the whole work from being ridiculous and profane.

Lord Lindsay published, in 1838, "Letters on Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land." Lord Lindsay is one of the sentimental travellers. His work is more than sentimental—it is devout. And there is about it a freshness and healthiness—a manly, joyous good-nature, which gives a stamp of sincerity to all he says, and makes you respect it. He does not mope, as some of the school do; his sigh is not lack-a-daisical. He does not bore you with his peculiar views—pours them out in a warm, hearty way—rhapsodises, regrets, venerates—and then, presto! he is as homely as his neighbour, and speaks of an oriental functionary as a "jolly old cock!"

Let us look at a sentence or two, for Lord Lindsay typifies the sentimentalist in politics. (And what people call "Young England" is nothing but a knot of gentlemen who try to introduce sentiment into politics—to perfume the cotton, as it were!) "The crescent is pale," he says, "pale all over the East now." This is pretty.

Then his lordship is at Malta, and, of course, goes to see all possible relics of the old Knights of St. John. (The Governor, by-the-by, has their grand-master's palace now, and they have balls there, and the dockyard people dance the Polka there. *Tempora mutantur!*)

"One, the last survivor, I believe, of the old knights, a countryman, too, of Bayard and Duguesclin, was pointed out to me—a poor, decrepit, feeble old man. Alas, alas!" (p. 23.)

Well, it was a melancholy sight, Lord Lindsay. But, say distinctly, do you regret the death of the Order, for the knight must have got feeble, anyhow! Better, surely, that the Order should have died than lived degenerate—lived, as it was doing, in an old age like that of Swift's *Struldbrug*. It is true that that is a pity, too, but that was part of the whole movement of Europe. Why weep for yesterday's roses! They belonged to yesterday!

He is speaking of the Obelisk of Amense, the "record of a daughter's love," and has this graceful and fanciful remark, which reads like a sentence of Longfellow's "Hyperion":

"Time surely read the inscription, and could not find it in his heart to strike."

"I never," he says further on, "drive in a tent-pin without thinking of Jael and Sisera."

But here is a pretty "sigh" indeed—quite a musical sigh. He has been speaking of Acre, and Ibrahim Pasha's proceedings there, and exclaims—"Ibrahim Pasha! Ibrahim Pasha! why not a sigh for the olden day when the standard of England streamed from St. George-Mount, and the young knights stood and listened to Blondel's lay; but he that was to win on the morrow the honoured name of D'Acra, sat apart from his companions, watching the sun setting in the far West, where dwelt the lady of his love, his casque lying on the grass, and his steed feeding beside him."

This is a delightful picture, and one may sigh with propriety, as one thinks of the dead time and all that has passed away.

Mr. Monckton Milnes gave the results of his sentimental travel, in the "Palm Leaves," published in 1844. He chose to embody his feelings in regard to the East, in verse. Thus, as we have Lord Lindsay for a pilgrim, we have Mr. Milnes for a troubadour. Let us take a stanza from the "Harem":—

"Within the grey kisak reclined,  
Alone the slave and of a lowly grade,  
Where I had found a place to win it,  
And I had made mine to her low love,—  
She was a maid of grey hair,  
In staidness of frame and in years,  
Unmoved by the passing of time,  
That was the lady of my heart!"

Very pretty, indeed; but does Mr. M. mean this stanza to embody his serious notice of woman's life in the East? Is a woman leading a fiery life there, never having any strife with the other wife? Is there no *inner* strife within the fiery walls? Does Mr. Milnes imagine that, any such system could produce a woman like Wordsworth's "Phantom of Delight"?

The "Mosque" is one of the best poems in the volume. It is pleasant to be reminded of the honest Mussulman, who when prayers are due, will

"—Quietly the carpet spread,  
To Mekkah turn the humble head."

I remember once seeing—when going from Malta to Gibraltar—two worthy Turks come to the compass—ascertain the point of orthodoxy—perform their ablutions in little pewter basins, and tranquilly go through their devotions on the upper deck, in the sight of us all. I remember, too, how little Snogg laughed, and how much the most ridiculous of the two exhibitions Snogg's laughter was.

Mr. Warburton's "The Crescent and the Cross" (published in 1845) may be classified on the whole as a "sentimental"—though the author shows a decided wish to be equally conspicuous for smartness. The style is brisk and lively, but there is a decided conventionalism both in feeling and expression throughout. One of the prettiest notions—is taken from Washington Irving.

Turn now to a gay scarlet volume, glittering with gold. It was published in 1846. It is the "Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo," by Michael Angelo Titmarsh. Here we have the Humorist; the Crusader with the lance fluttering with the pennon of wit. Mr. Thackeray's book was a protest against the Sentimentalist school—it was the voice of cultivated and satirical Europe crying woe to all the oriental Babylons. "Come forth here," cries the crusader of comedy—"I am come to break your enchantment. Your boasted hours in seraglios are poor little fat girls, very stupid and very miserable. I hear the mosquitoes humming through that perfumed air of yours. That divine cloth of gold has bugs in it. Your splendour is very like Vauxhall—like our Vauxhall in the day-time." So shouts the Democritus of travellers—and his laughter echoes through the ruins.

We none of us will forget in a hurry, I imagine, how that laughter woke up our sentimental souls. How capital the details of the voyage are—the mention of that cook "who used (with a touching affection) to send us locks of his hair in the soup!" Pleasant old "Lieutenant Bundy," too, remains for ever a family portrait in our rooms.

It was a perfectly natural reaction—this reaction against the Sentimentalist school. It was the assertion of our common-sense, and our sharp English worldliness, and our social cultivations, and our commercial development, against the pretentious mystery and the ostentatious gaudiness of the East. "Reverence, if you like," says Democritus, "any reverence that you feel! But don't let us go about shamming enthusiasm, shamming regret; let us be honest, at all events!" So he draws away the veil from Mokanna. "The life of the East is a life of brutes," he says distinctly, and he introduces us to a *Skimint Bey*, and takes the Ottoman humbug by the beard! He calls the Pyramids an "exaggeration of bricks," and owns that they are very "big." And our nature confesses that his laughter is healthy—differs from him how we may.

And yet, and yet—I know not whether the sentiment of pathos be not more profoundly excited by touches in this humorous book, than by the direct wallings of the mourners of the past. When a genuine humorist grows serious, you are more impressed by him than any body else; just as you feel saddest when the gaiety of a dead friend is the thing which strikes on your memory. When Thackeray speaks half-contemptuously of "the dead coat-of-arms of the dead knights of the dead Order" at Malta, he touches you more than the graceful Antigone-like sorrow of Lord Lindsay. Look at the two following strange reflections:—

"Think of the centuries during which these wonderful people (the Jews) have remained unchanged; and how, from the days of Jacob downwards, they have believed and swindled."

"Of the race of Englishmen who come wondering about the tomb of Socrates, do you think the majority would not have voted to hemlock him!"

What do our travellers say to the last query? It ought to teach them, at all events, not to profane that tomb with their autographs as they (the Yankee ones, particularly) are in the habit of doing. I know, from experience, that it is no pleasant sensation to be reminded at once, by the same spot—that Socrates is dead, and Mr. Snobkins still living!

And now we come to the work, *apropos* of which we have discussed on these writers. "Eothen," with its classic elegance of dignity—its frolic grace—its gentlemanly glancing satire, is before us again. According to the classification we have pursued—how shall we apportion "Eothen"? It is poetic, tender, sentimental, and yet humorous and satirical. Of all the oriental books, none impresses one with a more entire conviction of its author's sincerity. He does not seem to have gone abroad either to support a cant or to destroy one. He does not leap into mysticism and bound back, like Lord Lindsay. All that Warburton does well, he does better. If he does not cut so deep as Thackeray, in satire, his weapon is brighter. It is observable, too, that he never loses his self-possession. He never forgets himself, in a rapture. He can always whistle his imagination back when it is in full swoop. One pictures him on his camel in the desert—moving along between the sand and the sun—saturated with the oriental life—yet always the self-possessed English gentleman, and ready to dismount, perfectly *comme il faut*, in Pall Mall. There is a graceful homeliness, too, with all his gravity and his poetry. If he has to introduce himself, it is with the easiest of bows. It is one of the best-bred styles—that of his book—I know.

Everybody must remember the capital scene between the pasha and the ordinary English traveller, and the sulky dragoman. It is perfectly dramatic. The pasha is seated—a fine, flowery, orthodox, and old provincial pasha.

Traveller (to his Dragman). "What on earth have you been saying about London? The pasha will be taking me for a mere cockney. Have I not told you always to say that I am from a branch of the family of Mudonbe Park, and that I am to be a magistrate for the county of Bedfordshire, only I'm not qualified, and that I should have been a deputy-lieutenant, if it had not been for the extraordinary conduct of Lord Mountpromise!"

The innocent, gentlemanly "snob" goes on, and the sulky dragoman, growing "liberal," informs the pasha that this "branch of Mudonbe," this possible policeman of Bedfordshire, is recounting his titles. The whole scene is full of humorous dramatic life.

"Eothen" has a cant to protest against, like most books. It protests against the cant of Utilitarianism, and the superstitions of our English converts and life. I sometimes think that he never gives his tedious queries full play—that he is afraid of being thought to want, too, that—to use a metaphor, from hawking again—his right to heaven is impeded by the bells he wears, the appendages of a material life with which we are all adorned and impeded.

But why particularly in treating of a book which is to be placed before us for two shillings? Of his chapter on the Dead Sea; of his account of the Plague; of his Sketches of Jerusalem; it were easy to speak at length, and impossible to speak too lightly. But it is time to draw to a conclusion. And—"Where are you," exclaims the reader, "who speak so confidently of these worthy men?" Shows you a book, and let us have one line, get it!"

Let us say, in the words, in the time of brave old Knox, "I am a subject of this opinion—read!" I know this style of book of old. While I write, memories of the Eastern life are about me. Those who write with charity should be judged with charity. That lesson, reader, we all owe to—the East.

## THE PARROT OF THE BENCH.

BY MAHMOUZ EFFENDI.

"The Prince mingled in the crowd, but was astonished to perceive that they were all listening to a parrot, who, with his bright green coat, pragmatic eye, and consequential top-knot, had the air of a bird on excellent terms with himself.—*Legend of Prince Ahmed el Kandi.*"



eh! what's that you say? 'You don't think THE BENCH such a bad place after all?' You! A pretty hard-hearted inspector of Prisons you'd make! Drench my feathers! I should just like to know what benevolent individual or M. P. would or could bow to your opinion in the matter. What do you know about it? Have you ever been a prisoner here yourself? 'No,' I thought not. Of course you're now only what we call an 'outsider!' Yes, yes, I see; you're some clerk, perhaps, in the Liverpool or Bristol Custom House, and you merely drop in here to take a bird's-eye view, and show your sweetheart—I presume that young lady on your arm is your sweetheart.—Eh! eh! What's that I hear! What does she say! 'Pretty Polly,' indeed! Now, don't 'Pretty Polly!' me, ma'am, if you please, but simply attend to what I'm saying. Little girls should be seen and not heard.

"You and your fond swain, ma'am, have, of course, merely dropped in here, into our Borough of CAMPBELL-TOWN, as Christians well may, to see with your own eyes what sort of a place Parliament has provided for no less than two hundred unfortunate defendants.—Eh! eh! what do you say, sir? you call 'em 'debtors,' not 'defendants!' Well, well, I stand corrected (on my perch), and I'll readily say unfortunate debtors, if you particularly prefer that term. Anything to oblige—

"What's o'clock?"—Don't 'what's o'clock' me, ma'am; don't think to curry favour with me by such soft saviour. Just now you bawled out 'Pretty Polly.' No more of that, if you please. D'ye think I'm one of your common parrots, to be talked to in that strain? Not I, indeed! Just ask my good master; there he stands, as hot as his own gridiron, at the door of the PUBLIC KITCHEN—we've got a kitchen, you see, as well as the fine fellows at the Reform Club—just ask my master, I say, whether I'm a common parrot, and he'll astonish your weak nerves in a twinkling. He don't think 'small beer' of me, I can tell you, nor ought he. So, I beg, ma'am, once for all, that neither your beau nor you interrupt and insult me by bawling out again (as you have done) 'What's o'clock!' and 'Pretty Polly!' or any such stuff.

"Master and I, as you may perceive by our stew-pans and tureens, and plates and dishes, know a mystery or two in the art of cooking. Master wasn't born yesterday, and there's nothing green about me but my feathers. None even of your corporation cooks in the provinces can make a *potage à la skillie* as we do here. Ah! by my beak! there's not a little science required to do that, I can assure you. Step in and taste it.

"What's that you say!

"Hi! hi! 'Any skillie is good enough for prisoners, or even for debtors,' is it? That's your opinion. You're at it again; you will harp upon that. 'Debtors!' Ha! ha! you're very virtuous, you are; you never get into debt; of course not. You never will. You'll never become a prisoner, or even a defendant. Catch a wessel asleep. You'll never run into debt. Oh, no! You'll 'bestride the world like a Colossus.' You'll command circumstances, and so will all your family. No doubt they're a bright set; of course they are. Some people's geese are always swans. You and all your kith and kin remember the fable of the bundle of sticks: who doesn't? But for all that, blight may affect fruit—tenants may not pay rent—a bad harvest may happen—doubtful debts will be discovered—old ocean may swallow up ships—fire may destroy lodgers as well as lodgings—bankers may fail, and a thousand such interesting incidents occur, which, I dare say, you and that young lady little think of when you meet in the moonlight alone. All is sure to go well with you, of course. You're to be particularly favoured by Destiny. You're not always to be a clerk in the Custom House. Oh, no! CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER wouldn't be much too high for you, would it?

"But if things do go badly, you can always take an excellent situation. 'Take' is the term, of course. First catch your fish. An advertisement in the *Times* always brings employment.' Does it? Don't lay that flattering unction to your soul. A second advertisement would be sure to do so! You tell that young lady so (I know you do); and, poor little thing, in her inexperience—I won't be rude enough to say ignorance—she believes you. She fancies you know the world well, enough, and more than enough. She thinks you are at least out of the range of all those horrid, heart-breaking, ruinous Chancery suits she now and then reads about in CARPENTER'S TRACTS. The lawyers know better than that, though, in Lincoln's Inn—and so do I. I tell you, sir, that the whole plot of life is strowed, as it were, with parchment gunpowder (I like similes), and that any pettifogger can at any time fire the train and scorch up you or me, and—

"You don't think so! You don't think so! Rich again, my young ignoramus. I thought as you do once, before I left Africa for England. There's some difference between this melancholy SPIKE ISLAND and our jolly LIBERIA, I can tell you; and there are such things as black minds in some places, as well as black bodies in other places, which I forbear to mention. *Experientia docet.* I hope my Latin's not thrown away upon you. Pettifogging lawyers can stir up clients to do anything. You say they can't. I say they can. Well, well, if I am 'but a parrot' (I heard you muttering that), you're a goose. Why should you escape? Listen to me.

"Ah, ah! notwithstanding my pedigree and talent, a 'gent. one, etc.,' once managed to make, yes, even me the subject of an action of trover! Well, I can afford to laugh at that now. But you mustn't holla till you're well out of the wood. Just wait till you have to settle a lawyer's bill of costs. I ought to know something about bills—and beaks too, for that matter. Excuse my jocular; but if the lawyers caught me in their net—as they did for a time—why should you escape? You don't pretend to be equal to me, I hope. I should think not, indeed!

"Don't attend to that green thing." That's what you said, ma'am. I heard you; and I thank you for the compliment. But

perhaps, after all, I'm not so green as you are. Pray don't colour up. I meant nothing offensive. Dear Augustus, there, will protect you if I did.

"And now, sir, I really don't wish to say anything severe—especially in the presence of that young lady—but, though she made a somewhat impertinent remark just now; but, between ourselves, you gave her that pretty Paisley shawl, didn't you? You may continue scratching my poll, ma'am (if you like), or you may not, but I must nevertheless speak out; I've a duty to perform. I think, sir, you presented that elegant shawl. What's that you say? 'You know you did, and you paid for it, too.' Well, well, you need not flare up; I dare say you have paid for it, by what you Government clerks call payment, that is, by an acceptance at three months—but that sort of thing I and my master do not call payment—acceptances are still acceptances—and when the little bill becomes due, you'd better 'take it up,' that's all; or, smart as you are, and one as you are of a bundle of sticks—I really mean nothing personal—I may speedily have the honour of renewing my acquaintance with you here as a defendant. Excuse me, I mean prisoner; you always prefer that term. Yes, sir, here; many such gents as yourself find it convenient, by habeas, to take lodgings in 'SIXTEEN STAIRCASE,' under the guardianship of my good-natured and lively little friend BIFFER. There he is, sir, now; on the Key. He'll know your face again.

"You don't know what's meant by 'on the key!' Never mind, never mind; all in good time, my young friend. I shan't explain that mystery to you at present, beyond assuring you that we've locks here even a Yankee couldn't pick. We know something about locks and keys in this place. I can tell you. We could teach Chubb, and Bramah, and Hobbs, a trick or two. Couldn't we, Colwell? And by a long chain of argument too.

"Oh! 'you must now be off,' must you, ma'am, or you'll be 'too late for the train.'—I'm afraid my rattling conversation has fatigued you. Well, well, get along; be off, sir; enjoy the railroad while you can, and with that young lady too; but mark well what I say, we've people here, defendants, or debtors, or prisoners, call 'em which you will, who never saw a railroad; who entered the Bench before railroads were invented; before Huskisson was killed; and who, poor souls! having heard of Robert and George Stephenson's exploits, do daily and hourly wonder how it is that some sort of locomotive can't be invented to increase the speed of the Chancery and other courts, that term after term continue to detain them here. My friend Tarno isn't quite up to the mark, in my opinion. It makes me wild to find him so slow. 'I'm a prisoner myself, hard and fast, and I needn't interfere with other people's business.' That's what you say, sir! That's your creed, is it? Pretty sort of a Samaritan you are, Drat it all! My governor, the Head Cook, has, I admit, kept me close enough under his eye, cage and all, these many years—but that's no business of yours. He feeds me, and takes care of me, and pets me—creditors do not feed debtors in England as they do in France, and as Shakspeare says (taking one thing with the other), 'by the best feather of our wing,' I rather like the chap—my governor, I mean—and of course I revere Shakspeare—but the case is far different with you

\*Prisoners wildly overgrown with hair.

They, for twenty, or thirty, or forty years, have had no one to take care of them—they have had none but Shylocks to give a passing thought to them—everybody recoils and admires me. They would willingly enter the world again, but the world knows them not. They are down, and must be kept down. They are deserted. I don't want my liberty, but they do. Had they but stolen moneys, they might, by this date, have served their time, and returned from actual transportation; but as they have, from untoward and insurmountable circumstances, been delayed or neglected to pay moneys, &c., &c., &c., LAW and EQUITY continue to hold them prisoners here, day after day, month after month, and year after year. Heigho! Law and Equity! What a farce!

"Don't interrupt me, sir; talk not to me of 'going through the Court.' There are scores of cases where a prisoner cannot do so without committing perjury. But were there some court to set men free on giving bail not to leave the country, or even quit the metropolis, and were reasonable time therein allowed—for inside this place little coin is to be earned—many could, in a year or two, pay off all their debts in full. But it seems the fashion now for all creditors to be anti-Christian, 'the law allows it, and the court awards it.' I wonder some specimen of a Bench-prisoner was not displayed in the Crystal Palace, together with one of our incomparable cells, labelled thus—'Warranted not to break a debtor's heart in twenty years.' Such a cell might, perhaps, have been squeezed into the Austrian furniture department. The Austrians—who, unmoved, can flog women—would have had, of course, no insurmountable objection to a mere model of a cell standing among their household furniture. Drench my feathers! while I am speaking of Austrians, I can't help chuckling over Kossuth's reception at Southampton. I wonder what they think of that at Vienna! Kossuth has been in prison in Turkey; but his imprisonment was a mere bagatelle to that of many still within these very walls!

"Ha! ha! Dye see that old man hobbling along? He entered this treacherous prison before the Battle of Waterloo, in 1815, and has not left it since, even for one hour! Talk of the law's delay! Here's an instance of it. Now, ma'am, now; wrap your pretty shawl about you, go home comfortably by the railroad, plume yourself on living in a Christian country, and rail against 'stubborn Turks and Tartars'; but still think of this poor English prisoner, and of Waterloo, of 1815, and of 1851 (the figures scarcely differ), and then sit down to supper, in your own snug sylvan home, with what appetite you may! That poor fellow hasn't been home for a period extending to double your own age. That's an interesting fact for you to take back from THE GREAT METROPOLIS. He is perfectly right in his own view of his case, and, with the pluck of a true-born Briton, he won't surrender; but even if he were wrong, the sublime sentence, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us,' were enough to convict his persecutors.

"Eh! eh! ma'am, what's that you're saying? 'You do admit and think it a burning shame that a prisoner, for any debt, or for any contempt, can be kept incarcerated for thirty or forty years!' You are right, ma'am. That observation does you credit as a woman. I think the same, and I know 'tis contrary to MAGNA CHARTA.

"I know you will remember me if you come here again; although the benevolent people who call to see our prisoners very, very seldom leave 'em a little present of tea, or coffee, or sugar. There is one honourable exception—his name ought to be inscribed in letters of gold; yes, ma'am, it ought—his name is BARON PLATT, one of Her Majesty's Judges of the Court of Exchequer—Christmas is now approaching, and as soon as Christmas comes, BARON PLATT will be seen here, as he has been seen for years, courteously dispensing charity with his own hands—yes, ma'am, with a Christian manner that more than doubles the value of the gift. He's a rough one on the Bench sometimes, but in the Bench a kind one. Now for the subject I want to mention. Your young man, there (I plainly see you are really keeping company with him), has, I dare say, A VOTE; if he has not now, he will have under the NEW REFORM BILL; let him call, then, on the members for your borough, and remind them of that significant fact, urging

them as a *quid pro quo* to insert a clause, in the very next Prison Bill brought before Parliament, giving all prisoners here a right to a habeas, under which, attended by a tipstaff or a turnkey, or, without one, on lodging sufficient bail with the warden, they may for a day or two, or at least for one day, quit these prison-walls to attend the funeral or to visit the death-bed of a child, a wife, or a parent, should such a calamitous necessity arise. THEY CAN'T DO SO NOW. And the sad circumstance frequently does occur. Day-rules would prove sufficient, but day-rules have been altogether and uncharitably abolished. Now, even Judges can't, even for a death-bed, grant a day-rule, or a habeas, or any other legal permission. The Lord Chancellor may, so far as Chancery prisoners are concerned, but the Common-Law Judges cannot. Here, then, is a practical and practicable case for reform. Get your members to bring this question forward, this ladies' question—for it is so, it affects wives and mothers more deeply, perhaps, than prisoners themselves—agitate, ma'am, agitate, for this point of Law Reform; and when you succeed—for succeed you must—you will ever have cause to thank the star that to-day brought you in contact (though he has told you some home-truths, perhaps) with the PARROT OF THE BENCH!"

"Now, then, sir, I address you. 'Give a case!' That's what you want, is it? I can give a case, and a score of cases. Just let Mr. Attorney-General Cockburn examine me before the House of Commons, and I'll give any committee cases enough to prove the hardship of so rigid an imprisonment for debt as the law now requires and enforces. I will not here mention names, but I can do so if called upon. Listen: a silvery-haired old man espoused a young wife, and for a few years, notwithstanding their disparity of age, all went merry as a marriage-bell, and child after child was born to them. It boots not to tell how, through standing security for his wife's kinsmen, the old man became an inmate of the Bench. Either he found his way under arrest, and soon sent for his wife to take lodgings in the neighbourhood (they had hitherto lived out of town), that he might daily see her and the children of his old age. They were all to come to town on the Monday. On the Sunday night the Bench was alarmed by a cry of 'Fire.' The hot haste the engines rolled past the prison walls. The old man had an upper room, and could overlook the conflagration. 'Twas a fierce one, and in the street immediately abutting on the prison. Cheers burst ever and anon from the crowd, as inmate after inmate was, through the heroism of the brigade and the dashing of the police, rescued from the flames. At last the fire was subdued, and the night passed away. The morning came, and with it the news that one child had perished, one who had fallen through the sinking floor when almost within reach of one of the brigade, whose outstretched arms the little fellow would in one instant more have clutched. But his fate was decreed. He was then to die. And he did die. And who was this child? The son of the silvery-haired old man, who was watching the fire from the interior of the Bench. His wife had brought her family to town one day before the time agreed upon, and, arriving late, after the prison was shut for the night, had taken the nearest, the first lodgings that offered, looking fondly forward to the next morning, to the early meeting with her husband. In that night his hair was burned to death. In that



week he was buried, the corpse unseen by the fond father; there was no law to enable the father to quit the prison, to howl at his son's corpse, and—What's that you say! 'Why not bring the coffin to the prison door?'—Man! man! I would any father subject himself to this indignity!—to having his son's coffin searched by a turnkey, to prove that it contained no spirits! No, no; he would rather the dead were buried unseen. \* \* \* Call me a pragmatical Parrot, an' you will, but let not your M.P.'s boast of their desire for Reform, till they do reform some of these inhumanities. And now be off with you, for touching on these matters has made me melancholy—a mood anything but congenial to the PARROT OF THE BENCH."

L A W.

In the rolls of Parliament, 1445, is a petition from the Commons of two counties, showing that the number of attorneys had lately increased from six or eight to twenty-four, whereby the peace of those counties had been greatly interrupted by suits. The Commons therefore petition, that it may be ordained, that there shall be no more than six common attorneys for Norfolk, six for Suffolk, and two for the city of Norwich. The King granted the petition; provided it were thought reasonable by the judges.—The spirit and essence of the English law cannot be surpassed in point of wisdom by the records of the whole world, ancient and modern; and yet their prolixity is a serious evil, and which George Alexander Stevens drolly satirises, by one counsellor at the bar referring to the 934th page of the 120th folio volume of the abridgment of the Statutes. First our Legislature passes an act; then comes an act to amend this act; then a rider, then a supplement, then an appendix, and so on; instead of each act being consolidated under their own authority, or that of a delegated committee. The laws of China (Mr. Barrow tells us) are but sixteen small volumes; and probably they have lasted for thousands of years, for a population which is equal to that of one-third of the universe. The "Code Napoleon," we believe, is in a single volume octavo; but the ramifications of our statutes tend to confuse rather than to define, and finally to fill all England with hosts of lawyers, and consequently, by their exertions in the way of trade, with hosts of plaintiffs and defendants. Some have thought that laws may be whimsically compared to nut-crackers; whilst they crush to atoms small objects; with great ones they bend and break.

\* Those who have done duty as chaplains in the prison can give testimony to the fact that scores of cases have occurred where prisoners' wives and children have died within a gunshot of the Bench, and that yet the law provides no means by which the prisoner can, even in custody, be taken to their bedside to receive their dying wishes.

## BITS ABOUT LORD MAYORS.



THE Chief Magistrate of the City of London is not allowed to enter upon the duties of his office with any notion of hiding his civic importance (in City phrase) under a bushel. To the minds of country people and foreigners, the Lord Mayor is a splendid abstraction, not to be lightly talked of—not to be approached familiarly. The renown of his office obscures his personality; he is not Alderman Parkins, coal-merchant, serving his year of office—but a City wonder, which no London visitor must fail to see—a figure muffled in gorgeous robes, and invested with powers compared with which those of Queen, Lords, and Commons sink into insignificance. Simple country folk talk about Lord Mayor's Day as one of great London rejoicings; when Cockneys of all classes choke up every avenue to the City, and the evening is ushered in with feasts and illuminations. These splendid notions regarding an annual custom, which draws some few thousands of inveterate sight-seers to Cheapside, have been handed down to the living generations by grandfathers and great-grandfathers, and from remoter ancestry—ay, from the times when City poets deified the Lord Mayor's pageants, and crowned heads looked upon the show from balconies. It appears that the last of these pageants was the work of Elkanah Settle, and that it was performed in 1702, before Queen Anne, who, with the Prince and Princess of Wales, sat in a canopied balcony in Cheapside to see it. A drawing representing one of these pageants held on the 29th of October, 1616, may yet be seen at Fishmongers' Hall. It celebrates the instalment of Sir John Lemon, a member of the company. But as one hundred and fifty years have elapsed since the last pageant wandered about the City for the edification of the people, the reflection of their splendour is waxing very dim. The twelve footmen have done their work manfully for many years; and the exertions of the men in armour cannot be regarded by any unprejudiced mind with a feeling short of veneration. The knight armed cap-à-pie, whom we all remember as the great hero of our childhood; of whom we have dreamt many dreams, some romantic, others terrific in their profuse expenditure of blood; loses all the charms with which we invested him many years ago, when we solemnly contemplate him groaning upon his horse, taking sly drops of beer to recruit his exhausted frame, and, finally, being helped from his charger by the sturdiest of his companions. The knight with his armour is now, to our mind, only a poor, weak counterfeit of strength; contriving to bear a load in which the men of old rode to battle, and fought inch by inch for the freedom of their soil. In the present day, too, when all our hymns are of peace, when swords lie in the scabbard for years, and grass grows before the cannon's mouth, the man in armour is out of place. Miserable as a representative of the chivalry of old, he is absurd as a type of the valour that, in the present hour, would repel the footstep of an invader.

Very farcical, too, is our friend the Sword-bearer, as he rides—the most conspicuous figure in the state-carriage—thrusting the sword out of the window. Very farcical, too, is it to find the Lord Mayor attended by the genius of Datty. Then the banners of the City Companies float along, borne by sturdy veterans fantastically arrayed. It is a capital show for children, though the tinsel and the properties can hardly bear the severe test of daylight. But we grow serious when we are reminded that the names of many of our greatest, and a few of our best men, have been associated with the twelve great Companies. Mr. Peter Cunningham runs through a list of some of them with a modest erudition. First let us remember that Whittington was a mercer—Whittington, who has handed down his seat to posterity—Whittington, who paused at Highgate, and heard the bells of Bow—Whittington, who repaired and enlarged Old Bartholomew's Hospital, and was four times elected Lord Mayor of London. Queen Elizabeth was also a Mercer; so was the well-known Sir Thomas Gresham. The Grocers' Company follow next in succession—that Company of which Sir Philip Sydney was a freeman, and members of which rode, certainly with hushed breath and reverent emotion, in his funeral procession. Here are the aristocratic Fishmongers, who have included in their body the Sir William Walworth who killed Wat Tyler, and the player Doggett, whose bequest of an annual coat and badge, to be rowed for on the Thames, has immortalised him. It is curious to find a man's immortality in his will.

Here are the Goldsmiths' Company; who stamp our plate, and

who included Sir Hugh Middleton (who ruined himself with the New River scheme) in their body. After them follow the Skinners' Company; presently we notice the Ironmongers, to whom Viscount Hood belonged; then the Clothworkers, who are associated with James the First and the gossip Perys, and others of less importance. But the show is tediously long. The sheriff's carriages are dazzling—but we have seen them before in Oxford Street; and here, shaking in the last stages of a most debilitating disease, is Cipriani's coach, drawn by eight horses, and containing that awful mystery—The Lord Mayor. He tells ring merrily; the people are amused; the Cheapside warehouses are closed, and snug cold luncheons are going forward within, pending the return of the procession. Let us take an imaginary Lord Mayor. A few bold spirits venture to inquire as to the history, prospects, and personal character of the old gentleman, who has now no name, who must not be called Mr. or Alderman anything—who is the Lord Mayor, and nothing else. He is independent of himself. He has passed St. Paul's, with the serene consciousness that, should he die at the Mansion House, the very heaviest bell in that vast building will toll for him. Yesterday he was a plain, homely man, who dandled his grandchildren upon his knee; brushed his hat with his own hands; himself removed the cover from his leg of mutton; and, with exquisite humility, pulled on his Wellingtons without help; he wore a bland smile throughout the day; he remembered, perhaps, a few little histories of his school time at the Merchant Tailors' School—for instance, how Sir John Poultny, who built "the Rose" in which the school was held till the Fire of London consumed it, was five times Lord Mayor of London in the reign of the third Edward. A pleasant recollection for a man in his position! Then there was Henry Fitz-Alwin, the first Lord Mayor of London, who held office for the space of twenty-four years. But this was many centuries ago; and now no Lord Mayor succeeds in getting a sentence of even two years in the Mansion House passed upon him by his brother aldermen. No, all of them are eager to taste the luxury of a year's lordship, and so the best of Lord Mayors must be prepared to reign a year, and no longer. Even modern Whittingtons share no better fate than their compeers. The man who has fought his way from sweeping a door-step to the seat of honour in the Mansion House, is not a very remarkable man, at the present time. Old-established firms regard him rather as an energetic interloper than as a man to be remarked and courted. The horny texture of labour has hardly had time to soften on his hands; he must be refined through one or two kid-gloved generations before the family can be altogether an unexceptionable introduction to the great City circles. But as Lord Mayor, he is not a lucky speculator fresh from manual labour—he is the giver of feasts, the host of the Premier, the representative of the City, taking precedence before many a proud aristocrat, pale with blood that has been refined almost to water. Therefore, in his state-coach, his nod is accepted as a mark of particular distinction; he is lost in the velvet and gold of office. He will inhabit a splendid mansion—not like his predecessors, an ordinary house in Cheapside—and it is very probable that the Queen will cross his shoulder with a sword before his year of office has expired. At all events the game is on the cards. He may tempt Her Majesty into the City, to witness the graceful accomplishments of the aldermen, and the respectful order with which official citizens can receive their Sovereign; there will be novelty in this display that may attract the Queen. He may leave his mark upon some of the public buildings, or found some charity. Simon Eyre, Mayor of London in 1445, converted the manor-house of Loosenhall into a granary for the city, and so originated the present market of that name. This was not an untimely work on the part of Eyre; well, there is room for one or two improvements in the City even now. The turtle is perfect—no art can improve that; the barons of beef are faultless—they may pass; the City wines are famed far and wide—they may be sipped composedly; yet the City water is not always the best in the world, and fastidious persons have been known to utter a string of angry words touching the City sewers. But then on his return from Westminster Hall, our imaginary Lord Mayor has made up his mind to say at the Guildhall banquet, amongst other well-digested

that London is the finest, the best-regulated city on the face of the civilised world." He must give up this rounded period, if he thinks of the sewers. No, he is afraid, after all that may be urged to force him into a different course of action, that he must fall in with the Court of Aldermen, and acknowledge that he rules over a corporation that defies reform, being perfect in every particular.

A Lord Mayor erected an honorary monument in Westminster Abbey to the author of "Hudibras;" perhaps our imaginary lord mayor may have dwelt upon this singular episode in the corporation history, or, as he invited the Barons to dinner, the thought of acquiring a sprinkling of their legal erudition to help him in the discharge of his judicial labours may have crossed his mind. Some men acquire that logical precision of judgment from nature; others grasp it after many years of hard and anxious striving. Of the former class is the Lord Mayor—of the latter are the Lyndhursts and the Denmans. Therefore, our Lord Mayor refuses to subscribe to a new edition of Blackstone, and is rowed back to Blackfriars in a pleasant dream, throughout which his lordship figures in many brilliant scenes, as the sun of them all. Of his office, considered in the abstract, he may well be proud. The first magistrate of the first city in the world may be excused when he shows his pride, and declares that, after the labour of forty years, he is content with the pedestal upon which his fellow-citizens have placed him. He is reminded that within the boundaries of his realm he takes precedence of Blood Royal, in spite of the protest made by the Prince Regent in St. Paul's. The long sword protruding from his carriage window has figured in the pageants of Lord Mayors since the days of Elizabeth, and was, possibly, touched by that determined royal virgin. The great gold mace, which is somewhere about the carriage, may be noticed, also, as a contribution from Charles the First—given, perhaps, with the idea of imparting an imposing front to those employed in the levying of ship-money. But the great event of Lord Mayor's Day remains to be performed.

Our Lord Mayor has been sworn-in, but has not consummated the assumption of the mayoralty. The swearing in, as far as it goes, a serious matter; but it is a routine gone through without any particular show of interest. The progress in a rickety carriage, with which the worms must now be very busy, is an exciting event; but these details dwindle into insignificance when compared with the Guildhall banquet. It is this banquet to which the citizens of London are indebted for those curious liberties vouchsafed to them by the mysterious corporation. Therefore our Lord Mayor—our mysterious and awful Lord Mayor—returns from Westminster with a feeling of gathering and increasing importance. He rises with the tremendous solemnity of the coming time. He is a little nervous, perhaps; he has his fears on the subject of the cooks. He is well aware that his mayoralty, to be popular, must be based upon sound culinary principles. He remembers the unpopular mayor who had the baseness to save two or three thousand pounds out of his stipend, and he is anxious to avoid any such dishonour. He is expected to spend more than he receives in feeding those who have elected him. He looks at the Aldermen and Common Councilmen as so many birds of prey flapping about him. They represent a round number of inevitable feasts for which he must pay. He is the living representative of a certain number of turtle, oxen, geese, turkeys, winter strawberries and peas, and truffles; and if any of these be not forthcoming in due season (that is to say, when they are out of season, properly), he will be frowned from the civic chair, and will retire into private life at the expiration of his term of office, without a congratulatory or laudatory address.

A Savarin might discourse eloquently of the viands that smoke upon the hustings at the Lord Mayor's banquet; but we, to whom a dumpling is almost as profound a mystery as it ever remained to the sagacious monarch who could never understand how the apple got in it, we must let the feast pass without comment. Yet we perceive, dimly shown in the distance, fingers pointing to sinking tea-tables, crowded with hundreds of rash human beings, while the Conservator of the Thames is helping the Chamberlain of the Exchequer to "just one more glass;" and countless noses, gnawed by countless lambs, smothering the vicinity of sewers, over which our City friends have claimed exclusive control, sit at about the heels of the Common Councilmen.

## THE HEIRESS OF BILBERRY.

MARY F— had been left an orphan at a very early age. Her maternal grandmother, with whom she had resided from infancy, was a proud, stern, and selfish woman, little calculated to secure either the affection or obedience of an impulsive and wilful child, like Mary F—. The consequence was, that although the two lived beneath the same roof, their intercourse was unrequited and constrained, and as Mary approached to womanhood their estrangement became greater. It is, therefore, no wonder that the gossips of Bilberry were one morning fully employed in narrating, to all who would listen to them, the particulars of the elopement of Mary F— with the young lieutenant of Dragoons recently quartered at the Red Lion. The young soldier had been attracted no less by the well-known wealth of Mary's grandmother, than by the pretty face and graceful form of Mary herself; but whatever might have been his mercenary hopes, they were not fated to be realised, for the old lady was, or affected to be, so scandalised by her grandchild's conduct, that from that hour to the day of her death she refused to hold any intercourse either with Mary or her husband.

Shortly after his marriage, the regiment of Lieutenant B— was ordered to the Peninsula, whither Mary accompanied her husband. The fatigue and anxiety which she had to encounter soon had a fatal result, and Mary died, after giving birth to a girl. The infant was confided to the care of the wife of one Sergeant Byers, who tended it with the affection of a mother, and, when the father fell on the field of battle, refused to part with the child, and ultimately brought it with her to England, when the Peace was proclaimed. The friends of Lieutenant B— readily allowed the poor orphan to remain with its kind nurse, who was more than compensated by a small allowance made by the family of the father, and the affection of her little *protégée*, whom she had called Mary, after its mother.

Time passed on, and little Mary grew into maidenhood—a fragile, gentle creature, that seemed to look upon sorrow as its heritage. The friends of her father had long ceased to take an interest in her fate, and she was generally considered by every one to be the daughter of Mrs. Sergeant Byers. Among the visitors of her foster-mother was Thomas Brown, a kind and somewhat simple young man, who followed the then well-paid and reputable trade of a tailor. His quiet manners soon made an impression on the gentle heart of Mary; and he in his turn found no place so agreeable to him as the house of Mrs. Byers.

A great day was the 5th March, 18—, for the neighbours and friends of Mr. Thomas Brown and Mary B—. About 11 o'clock on the morning of that eventful day, not a first-floor window in the whole street but teemed with human heads, principally belonging to the gentler sex. It is wonderful the interest women take in a wedding. They may know nothing of the bride and bridegroom, nevertheless they evince as much interest in the proceedings as they possibly could do if the happy pair were their nearest kith and kin. It is an instance of the universal benevolence of the female character; for, as marriage is the "be all and the end all" of a woman's life, from 18 to — (well! I know

not where to set the limit), every daughter of Eve rejoices when a sister has achieved her destiny. How the news of a wedding spreads through a neighbourhood is to me a marvel, for, let such an intended event be a sworn secret between the contracting parties, and I would wager a pair of gloves that when the happy day arrives, not a housemaid in the neighbourhood but is cognisant of the fact. It must be from sympathy.

Well, when the hackney-coach arrived, and its jingling steps fell down, ringing, as it were, a rude marriage peal, the excitement was intense. What straining of necks, nodding of heads, and waving of handkerchiefs, as the gallant tailor led forth Mrs. Byers, and the old sergeant, spruce as on drill, handed into the dear old roomy hackney-coach, the bride, all blushes and white bow. There was a tuneful cheer—tuneful with women's voices, as the "leathern convenience" rumbled up the street. The weather-beaten Jarvey seemed to have thawed his face for the occasion, and beamed with smiles, as though he sat upon a Lord Mayor's hammercloth, instead of a mat of straw. The pew-opener and beadle were heartily glad to see the young couple; and the latter functionary had done honour to the occasion by putting on his Sunday coat and cocked hat, and appeared just as he would have done had it been a lord's wedding, instead of a tailor's: the only perceptible difference was, that he had not taken his chin to the barber's, but as he was a man of a sanguine complexion, that did not signify so much. Mary was a favourite parishioner with the clergyman; and the reverend gentleman read the service very impressively, and made the bridegroom clearly comprehend the responsibilities he was incurring. Poor Mary looked to need more than ever the support she had obtained; and though she did smile once or twice, the faint expression faded like breath from a mirror. Yet she was happy, very happy, in her quiet, gentle way, but she seemed to live in the shadow of the future.

When they got home again, there was quite an avenue of neighbours, extending from the curb-stone to the door step, through which they had to pass; the bridegroom gasping out as many "thank you's" as he could, in return for the good wishes uttered by the little crowd. The wedding dinner was not, of course, splendid, but, to quote Sergeant Byers—"it was prime;" and, though Mary could not eat anything, weeks had passed before Mrs. Byers had finished sounding the praises of the baked potatoes.

And Mary and her husband lived very happily together, humbly but contentedly, until it was found out that Mrs. Brown was the heiress of Bilberry.

How that was discovered you are now to hear.

Death had been busy in the little town of Bilberry, and had garnered, in the fulness of years, Mr. Jonathan Trail, attorney-at-law, and for many years confidential adviser to half the population of Bilberry. The funeral had been "performed," and the friends and relatives of the deceased gentleman were assembled in the drawing-room, listening to his last will and testament. As Mr. Robert Nailer, late copying-clerk to the deceased, had no interest in the important document then under perusal above stairs, he had taken his accustomed place in the office, and, resting his head upon his hands, endeavoured to read upon his blotting-pad his own future destiny. To think of occupying the

shoes of his late employer was quite out of the question, as Mr. Nailer had, unfortunately for himself, and fortunately for the good people of Bilberry, distinguished himself by sundry acts of blackguardism, which had rendered his reputation the reverse of a sweet-smelling odour in the nostrils of his master's clients.—No! he felt that he must seek elsewhere a sphere of action; and London appeared to him the largest field for operation.

But how to make a beginning!—His ready money amounted to a sum somewhat under twenty pounds, and the only friend he knew who would lend him a shilling, was that universal uncle who originally came from Lombardy. A silver watch, and sundry trumphy rings and ornaments, were the only things he had likely to move the cautious Lombardian. What was to be done, or who was to be done, he cared not. The blotting-paper seemed to have absorbed all his hopes, so he looked up at the ceiling, which only presented a dusky blank. From the ceiling his eye wandered to the shelf, supporting numerous japan boxes—some of them exhausted, others inexhaustible mines of wealth to the successor, whoever he might be, of the late Mr. Trail. At length, Mr. Nailer remembered, that among the last official acts of his deceased master, and in which he, Mr. Nailer, had been concerned, was the examination of certain dusty papers referring to a considerable amount of property, situate in the said township of Bilberry. He remembered, also, that the late Mr. Trail had expressed some doubts as to the present occupier's title thereto; but, unfortunately for the rightful owner's interest, one Oacus served the attorney with a writ of *habeas corpus*—and so terminated, for the time being, further speculation upon the subject. It now occurred to Mr. Nailer that nobody was likely to inquire after these papers, and, as there might be a Chancery suit wrapped up in them, he should be doing good, possibly to himself, and no serious injury to anybody that he knew of, if he included the said papers among his own baggage. As there was no one present to argue the propriety of the act with him, he gave himself the benefit of the doubt, and removing the dusty papers from one of the aforesaid tin boxes, conveyed the same to the depths of a mangy hair-trunk, emblazoned with, "Richard Nailer," in round-headed brass nails.

It is said that rats have, by instinct, knowledge of a falling house or a sinking vessel, and very naturally endeavour to escape a catastrophe. So it was with Mr. Robert Nailer. He knew, to use his own expression, "that he should be scuttled" as soon as the executors had done with him; and, therefore, he preferred selecting his own time of departure, instead of waiting to be expelled. It was from this determination that he and his mangy trunk were, one morning, the sole occupants of the roof of the stage-coach then plying between London and Bilberry, and which, after a journey of five hours, arrived safely at that comfortable hostel, the Old Bell, Holborn.

Mr. Nailer's first business, after his arrival in London (having "remembered the coachman," very much to the dissatisfaction of that worthy), was to convey himself and his trunk to a coffee-house in Fetter-lane, where, on a former visit to the Great Metropolis, he had found cheap and not over-cleanly quarters. Mr. Nailer immediately proceeded to refresh himself with a muffin



THE WEDDING-PARTY AT MRS. BYERS'S.—DRAWN BY JOHN LEECH.

and a pint of indescribable mixture, called coffee, but which emitted an odour savouring much more of burnt horse-beans than the aromatic berry of the East. His frugal repast ended, Mr. Nailer called for pen, ink, and paper, and busied himself in compiling an advertisement, the subject of which had occupied his thoughts for the greater part of his journey from Bilberry. The effects of the remarkable composition were made apparent on the afternoon of the following day, through the agency of our old friend Sergeant Byers.

The gallant sergeant had retired from the army on a pension of half-a-crown a-day. Nevertheless, being of an active turn of mind and body, he had sought to relieve the monotony of his existence by running of messages, beating carpets, and performing other business connected with the profession of a light porter; thus maintaining an independent position, and benefiting himself and his fellow-creatures. As the morning generally sufficed for the performance of his day's labours, the sergeant was accustomed to resort, in the afternoon, to the Balsover Arms, and there, over a

modest half-pint of porter, a pipe, and the newspaper, satisfy his mind as to the existing state of Europe, and of things in general. On the day following Mr. Nailer's arrival in London, the sergeant was thus employed, when he laid down his pipe very suddenly, and seizing the paper with both hands, appeared to be fearful of losing his hold upon some valuable piece of information. After a careful re-perusal of the interesting passage, he rushed out of the room with the newspaper, leaving porter and pipe both unfinished, and entirely forgetful of his little carpet cap, which he had taken

off and laid upon the bench beside him. Bareheaded and excited, he hurried through the streets to the shop of Thomas Brown, and arrived there in such a state of breathlessness and exhaustion, that he could only point to the newspaper, and exclaim, "Look at that!" The alarmed tailor did as he was desired, and read as follows:—

"If the child, or children (if any) of Mary F—, of Bilberry, who in the year 18—, married Lieutenant B—, of —Dragoons, and who is supposed to have died abroad, will apply to Logos— (in the first instance by letter only, Franco)—Fetter Lane, he, or she, or they (as the case may be), will hear of something greatly to his, or her, or their advantage."

When the tailor had finished, he looked to the sergeant for a solution of the enigma. Mr. Byers having recovered his breath, proceeded at once to the elucidation of the mystery.

"I knew it!" he exclaimed. "I knew it must come some day! She's owned by her unnatural relations, and they're about to do her justice at last. Go and break it gently to Mary, and get tea ready; and I'll run home for Mrs. Byers, and get my cap from the Balsover Arms, and we'll hold a council of war on the matter!"

The tailor did break it gently to his wife, who, nevertheless, was ready to faint at the intelligence—so was Mrs. Byers, but was prevented going quite off by a very unparliamentary remark of the excited sergeant.

The council was held; and after the consumption of much tea on the part of the tailor and the ladies, and a pardonable amount of tobacco and gin-and-water on that of Mr. Byers, a letter was written to the unknown "Logos," and posted forthwith, duly reaching its destination in Fetter-Lane by the first delivery.

This immediate reply exceeded Mr. Nailer's most sanguine hopes; and he expressed his great satisfaction by adding an egg and a rasher of bacon to his maternal meal. He proceeded next to shave and dress himself, putting as much respectability into his face as it was capable of containing, and forthwith proceeded to the house of Thomas Brown. Had the Lord Chancellor himself put in an appearance at that humble abode, he could not have received with more breathless deference than was Mr. Nailer. Mr. Nailer did not fail to perceive the effect his presence produced, and of course gave himself the full benefit of it. He tried to look as though all the tin boxes at Bilberry were under his control, and that there was a balance standing in the name of Robert Nailer at some banker's, that would make any suspicion of his disinterestedness an insult to our common nature, in its most prosperous condition. Mr. Nailer glanced his eye round the tailor's shop, and saw enough to convince him that the man had credit, if he had not money, and he secretly resolved to set off a suit of clothes against his prospective costs. Mr. Nailer then proceeded to examine and cross-examine the Browns and the Byers, occasionally referring to the bundle of dusty papers which he had abstracted from the office at Bilberry. Mr. Nailer professed to have hopes—great hopes—that he had found "the parties" he had been so desirous to discover; in fact, after seeing the certificate of marriage between Mary F— and Lieut. B—, he had no doubt but he should have the happiness to put Mary in possession of her great-grandmother's property, at present so unjustly enjoyed by "other parties." Mr. Nailer was prepared to do this merely for costs out of pocket, being content to leave any further remuneration to the generosity of the Browns, who were too grateful for this disinterestedness not to promise a very liberal per-centage. Mr. Nailer then made an appointment for the succeeding day, just hinting, whilst he grasped Brown's hand as he lingered on the door-step, that it might be as well to have a trifle, say twenty pounds, ready on the morrow for counsel's fees and other preliminary matters. The tailor returned to his wife and friends, rather staggered by the amount of the trifle Mr. Nailer required; but another "council" was held, and it was resolved that Mr. Byers should wait upon a neighbour (reported to have £500 in the bank), and by offering him a share in the golden harvest, obtain the means to set the legal respers to work.

The married neighbour was of a speculative turn of mind, and having gained a prize in the lottery, had believed ever since that he was to make a fortune by luck, and not by labour. The proposition, therefore, of Mr. Byers was so far entertained, that the twenty pounds were advanced, and duly handed to Mr. Nailer in the morning after that person had strengthened his conviction of the justice of Mrs. Brown's claim by another perusal of the marriage certificate, and a small quantity of Burton ale, which a thirst, consequent upon a breakfast of Yarmouth blotters, had compelled him to solicit.

Mr. Nailer's next step was to qualify himself for "a gentleman, one, &c.," and at the time at which we write, an admission on the rolls was no very difficult matter. Being duly qualified to practise, he did so; and with what a result!

Some few years ago, I attended a police-court in London, to make a declaration as to the truth of some official documents. My business was over; but I remained seated at the attorney's table, for I confess that a police-office has for me a strong though painful fascination. Phases of life are exhibited there so terrible, from their misery and crime, that they reprove the selfish indifference which, contented with its own happier fortunes, never seeks to know the wretchedness which may be alleviated, or the ignorance which might be tutored into good. I have felt that reproof, and have listened to narratives of error, crime, and misery, to strengthen my resolves for a better future.

I was seated, as I have said, at the table set aside for the use of the attorneys attending the court. Two other persons also occupied seats, and from their appearance, I concluded they were gentlemen learned in the law. One was rather remarkable for the extreme neatness of his dress, and an unmistakable expression of low cunning; the other appeared to be a man of much good-nature and benevolence.

"The next case," said the clerk; and a pale-faced, meek-looking woman was placed at the front of the bar. Her dress, a faded black bonnet, with a ragged veil—a shawl, so soiled and tattered that it was impossible to guess at its original colour or texture—a rusty gown, so thin and threadbare that it clung about the wasted limbs beneath it, and seemed to be their only covering.

"What's your name?" asked the clerk.

She answered in a voice so "gentle and low," that it was scarcely audible.

"Who is the complainant?" inquired the magistrate.

"I am, sir," said the cunning gentleman. "The woman at the bar, your worship, is continually calling, not only at my office, but at my private residence, and creating a disturbance."

She creates a disturbance, with that feeble voice—that emaciated body!

"What have you to say to the charge?" asked the magistrate.

"I only want my papers, sir," said the woman. "He's my lawyer, sir, and he won't give me my papers."

"What papers?" inquired the magistrate.

"The papers of my property, sir. I only want them, sir," answered the woman, in the same feeble voice.

"The fact is, your worship," said the cunning gentleman, "I have been concerned for this woman in an attempt to establish some fancied claim which she has upon some property at Bilberry. I have expended much money—upon!"

"Which I have given you," said the woman. "Three hundred and twenty pounds, sir!—and now he won't go on with the suit, or give me my papers. We have parted with everything we have

in the world. We have nothing but a heap of rags to sleep upon—nothing to eat—" Her tears made her silent.

"With that I have nothing to do," continued the cunning gentleman; "and (though it's not for me to tell your worship what is your worship's business) nothing to do with your worship. I don't wish to be hard with the woman. If she'll only promise not to molest me again, I will not press the charge."

"But will you give me my papers?" urged the woman.

"If you give me fifty pounds, I will; not without," said the cunning gentleman.

The poor wretch at the bar felt the mockery to be so great that she could say no more, but held out her bony hands, and looked towards the magistrate imploringly.

The good-natured man at the table could sit quiet no longer. He rose and said, "Your worship, I know something of this case. The woman has, I think, some claim to something, somewhere; and if this gentleman will give up the papers, I will look into them for her, and either assist her in the recovery of her property, or satisfy her of the hopelessness of pursuing it. She has now been fifteen years—"

"More than that," said the woman: "nearer twenty years, at law—three hundred and twenty pounds have we paid him, and all I want is my papers." Here she produced from beneath her shawl a tattered, white handkerchief, and unrolling it, displayed a small memorandum-book, and something which looked like a very little brief.

"I am not here to go into these matters," exclaimed the cunning gentleman, "I am to be found at my office every day, from nine till five. Will this woman promise not to create any further disturbance at my house?"

"I have no doubt she will," said the magistrate. "You will promise this, will you not?"

"I never did, sir; and I will promise; but my papers—"

"Are yours for fifty pounds, or perhaps this gentleman will advance it," said Mr. Nailer (for it was he), bowing to the poor woman's advocate.

The magistrate here interposed, and, having again exacted a promise that no further annoyance should be attempted, dismissed the complaint. Mr. Nailer bowed to the bench, and retired, looking around him as he retreated, as though to enjoy the mute applause which he considered his forbearance had merited.

"You can go!" said the clerk, in a loud, official tone.

But the woman still lingered, with her eyes fixed upon the magistrate, whilst she mechanically rolled and unrolled the ragged handkerchief which contained her vouchers.

"My good woman," said the magistrate, "I can do nothing more for you."

The poor creature's eyes filled with tears. After a moment's pause, she again said—"My papers—we have sold everything for them."

"Have you, then, a partner in this misery?" inquired the magistrate.

"Yes, sir. I've a husband and a child. My husband's a tailor, sir, and when he can work makes soldiers' trousers—five pence a pair, sir; when we are all well we can make two pair a day—but none of us can work now; we are all ill, sir."

Yes—all starving! The magistrate gave the woman some money, and bade her go—but she lingered still, and made another mute appeal with her little bundle. She evidently thought that if the kind magistrate would but look into her case, she should have justice. No one spoke, not even the stern clerk. At last she turned to go away—stopped—held out the ragged handkerchief—turned again, and then glided away as it were among the crowd. Poor Mary Brown! (God help her!) The heirs of Bilberry!

What the impediments were to the recovery of her property I could never learn. Death has been more merciful than the law, and long since given rest to the victim of Chancery.

## A DOG-CART DIALOGUE.

My man Davis is a bit of a character. If he's not up to a thing or two, I should like to know who is. I am often puzzled to know how a man who has seen so much of life as he has should condescend to have "no objection to the country," and to take service with a retired linen-draper, which I am. I keep a dog-cart, and, not being much of a whip, Davis generally drives. He has some capital stories; at least, I think so; but, perhaps, it is his manner of telling them, or perhaps I'm very easily pleased. However, here's one of them.

### HOW MR. COPER SOLD A HORSE.

"Mr. Coper, as kept the Red Lion Yard, in —Street, was the best to sell a horse I ever knew of, sir, and I know'd some good 'uns. I have; but he was the best. He'd look at you as 'tho' butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, and his small wall eyes seemed to have no more life in 'em than a dead whiting's." My master, Capt. —, stood his horses there, and, of course, I saw a good deal of Mr. Coper. One day a gent came to look at the stable and see if he could buy a horse. Coper saw in a minute that he knew nothing about horseflesh, and was so uncommon civil. The first thing he showed him was a great grey coach-horse, about seventeen hands and an inch, with a shoulder like a Erkilus."

"I suppose you mean Hercules?"

"I suppose I do, sir. The gent was a little man; so, of course, the grey was took in again, and a Suffolk Punch cob, that 'ud a done for a bishop, was then run up the yard. But, lor! the little gent's legs 'ud never have been of any use to him; they'd a stuck out on each side like a carriage-bar,—so he wouldn't do. Coper showed him three or four others—good things in their way, but not at all suited to the gent. At last Coper says to him, with a sort of sigh, 'Well, sir, I'm afeard we sha'n't make a deal of it to-day, sir; you're very particular, as you've a right to be, and I'll look about, and if I can find one that I think I'll do, I'll call on you.' By this time he had walked the gent down the stable to opposite a stall where was a brown horse, fifteen hands or about. 'Now, there 'ud be the thing to suit you, sir,' says he, 'and I only wish I could find one like him.' 'Why can't I have him?' says the gent. 'Impossible,' says Coper. 'Why impossible?' says the gent. 'Because he's Mrs. Coper's horse, and money wouldn't buy him of her; he's perfect, and she knows it.' 'Well,' says the gent, getting his steam up, 'I don't mind price.' 'What's money to peace of mind?' says Coper. 'If I was to sell that horse, my misiss would worry my life out.' Well, sir, the more Coper made a difficulty of selling the horse, the more the gent wanted to buy, till, at last, Coper took him to a coach-house, as 'tho' to be private, and said to him in a whisper, 'Well, I tell you what I'll do; I'll take ninety pounds for him; perhaps he's not worth that to everybody, but I think he is to you who wants a perfect thing, and ready made for you.' 'You're very kind,' said the gent, 'and I'll give you a check at once.' 'But mind,' says Coper, 'you must fetch him away at night; for if my misiss saw him going out of the yard, I do believe she'd pull a life-guardman off him. How I shall pacify her I don't know! Ninety pounds!—why, ninety pounds won't pay me for the rosin, leave alone the loss!'

The gent quite thought Coper was repenting of the bargain,

and so walked away to the little countin' house, and drew a check for the money. When he was gone, I burst out a laugh; because I know'd Mrs. Coper was as mild as a bran-mash, and 'ud never a' dared to blow up her husband; but Coper wouldn't have it—he looked as solemn as truth. Well, sir, the horse was fetched away that night."

"But why at night, Davis?"

"Because they shouldn't see his good qualities all at once, I suppose, sir; for he'd got the Devonshire coat-of-arms on his off knee."

"Devonshire coat-of-arms?"

"Yes, sir; you see Devonshire's a very hilly country, and most of the horses down there has broken knees, so they call a speck the Devonshire coat-of-arms. Well, sir, as Mrs. Coper's pet shied at everything and nothing, and bolted when he warn't a-shieving, the gent came back again about a week to Coper."

"Mr. Coper," says he, 'I can't get on with that horse at all—perhaps I don't know how to manage him; he goes on so odd that I'm afraid to ride him; so I thought, as he was such a favourite with Mrs. Coper, you shall have him back again.'"

"Not if you'd give me ninety pounds to do it," says Coper; looking as 'tho' he was a-going to bite the gent."

"Why not?" says the gent.

"I wouldn't go through what I have gone through," says Coper, hitting the stable-door with his fist enough to split it, 'not for twice the money. Mrs. Coper never left off rowing for two days and nights, and how I should a' stopped her I don't know if luck hadn't stood my friend; but I happened to meet with a horse the very moral of the one you've got, only perhaps just a little better, and Mrs. C. took to him wonderful. I wouldn't disturb our domestic harmony by having that horse of yours back again not for half the Bank of England.' Now the gent was a very tender-hearted man, and believed all that Coper told him, and kept the horse; but what he did with him I can't think, for he was the wickedest screw as ever put his nose in a manger."

## ART IN THE BYEWAYS.



It is late now to advocate the influence of beauty, as opposed to that of the ugly and the repulsive. Very tedious would it be to the modern student were he confined in a lecture-room to hear an enthusiastic gentleman discourse on the propriety of erecting fine architectural buildings, instead of shapeless masses of brick and stucco. An impulse that is as universal in nature as the instinct of self-preservation, attacks man to the true, which, whether manifested in the results of science, the graces

of literature, or the realisations of art, is the beautiful. There is a kind of moral gravitation in human nature towards the beautiful, that has only lately attracted the attention of the class of men who have wielded the sceptres of nations; but now it is acknowledged in many places, and is about to be used for the good of the human race. The man touched with a sense of beauty, alive to harmony, and filled with a feeling of reverence for the grandeur of the scheme, of which he is taught to believe himself the highest emanation, may be reached by means that would in no way influence a coarser nature. It is a hard matter to treat with the sullen strength of ignorance; but the soul that has the light of the beautiful burning within it, is bound by all the highest attributes of which human nature is susceptible, and is easily controlled. Only a cord will bind the hymns; but emotions were given to bind men. Therefore that civilisation which develops a mighty nation, glistening with gold, and loaded with the vast treasures of the inhabited world—which represents the perfection of cunning, and the highest elaboration of the means to wealth, is not in the highest sense of the word, civilisation; while the picture, powerful as a battle-piece, lacks the touches of emotion—the emotional laws, which go forth from the closet of the poet and the philosopher, the laboratory of the man of science, and the studio of the artist. It is easy to vote supplies, to make motions on the state of the nation, to frame smart sallies, and, in the midst of personal contention, to pick up here and there, and by chance, little bits of truth that may be fairly appended to the next volume of the Statutes at Large; but it is not often that men are given to the world who could evolve the reason of our position as a planet from the falling of an apple; or sketch the mighty proportions of the giant of the nineteenth century, from the steam of a tea-kettle! Neither do the annual millions of births include always an infant in the mould of Shakespeare. We may always find a decent prime minister, but we rarely light upon a poet; we may always command an individual who can accurately add up the items of the national revenue, but not in everyday life do we meet a Phidias or a Raphael. If, in the present movements of the social mass, we discern any unanimity, it is in their tendency towards Newtons, the Shakespeares, and the Raphaels of their day. Thankful in their hearts that the commercial relations of men afford them the time for higher pursuits than those which have corporeal gratification for their object, the public of the present time begin to see that they have achieved conquests only in the lesser objects of life. The practical tendencies which have led us to our present prosperous commercial state will soon be regarded only as the base condition of civilisation, for even now large masses of men see and not in the far distance, that high state of intellectual and moral culture pervading the various classes of a great and courageous community. The best lessons of civilisation are not typified by the merchant prince in his saffron coach; but rather by the modest artist, snugly painting in his comfortable studio, with high thoughts and limited appetites. He is in close communion with the truths that are thickly scattered about the great solitudes of nature, as they lie, though seldom seen, in the poorest haunts of men. He is painting for the people, who are now beginning to understand him. Hard and crushing in its thanklessness was the task to him when the world glanced at his works with a cold eye, and many mornings were spent in dancing attendance upon a nabob in want of "furniture pictures." But now many eyes, weary with the dull monotony of workshops and offices, are strained towards the fields; many hearts leap to the harmony of Beethoven; many lights shine in this city upon the pages of our greatest and best teachers. And here thoughtful men pause, in the passing hour, to gather hope. Bentham and his train of followers sink into insignificance before the reformers, who present themselves at the baby's cradle, instead of waiting at the prison-door. The labourer may see Beauty, in all her noblest manifestations, steadily approaching his threshold. She bears in her arms the glorious works of God's elect; her limbs glow from the touch of Phidias and Canova; and in her seraphic countenance the souls of Raphael, Guido, Murillo, Angelo, and

Rembrandt, are concentrated. The sight is one to touch the hearts of us all. The first pages of great lessons that, when comprehended, will send the gaoler's keys to rust, and set the worm at work in the greedy galleys, are already open to the bulk of the people. The voices that would have cried down the influence of the beautiful; that would have passed a law declaring rags, and filth, and squalor to be altogether without effect upon the poor human creatures doomed to them; that would have ignored the hunger for truth which rages more or less in every man's heart; these voices, that ever had the sounds of tyranny and social wrong in them, are uttering their dying speech. And as their dread words die upon appalled ears, the gentle voices, with truth, and charity, and love in them, swell and float upon the air. The ministry of the beautiful are about to seize their inheritance. We are beginning to comprehend fully the story of the money-lender, who, when he was about to cheat a customer, drew a curtain before the portrait of his favourite saint. Well, curtains have hidden the noblest works of mankind from the eyes of thousands of men, and they have been ignorant and criminal; and they have been scourged and killed for their exceeding wickedness; but scourgings, killings, and manacles have failed to humanise, and now the curtains are falling from before the gentle oracles. In everything, the great masses of the people are consulted and appealed to. Libraries of sterling books are offered to them; the graces of Macaulay, with his vast historic lore, are placed before them; our great novelists publish cheaply, that all may read them; railway companies offer to convey them to the green fields at the cheapest possible fares; Art-unions hold out chances of pictures, and present well-executed works of art; and popular caterers for the public amusement recognise the growing taste of the bulk of the people, by offering the finest dioramas and panoramas that modern art can produce. These are signs of the time: happy, hopeful signs, pointing to a great future. Let us, however, examine the state of public taste more in detail; and we may do this by noticing the revolution that has taken place recently in the art which poor men hawk about the meaner neighbourhoods of London. And first, of the poor Italians who travel about our streets with plaster casts.



Undoubtedly these men have done their share of good. Unconsciously, perhaps, has the good been wrought, for it has been done in the struggle with hunger, and in fear of cruel masters; but it has been effected. It is hardly possible to estimate the advantage which accrues to the human race from the invention of all processes that enable artists to multiply their works. Casting is to the sculptor what printing is to the author, and engraving is to the painter. Few, indeed, would be familiar with the flowing lines of the Venus de Medici, had the process of casting never been invented; and comparatively few in this country would possess a copy of the work, had not poor Italians been forced into our great cities by cruel masters, to sell casts. Now, in thousands of homes, the casual visitor will find plaster casts of the great works that have influenced the world, or the select of the world, for centuries past. The poorest man need not be a stranger to the beauties of Canova. Sad is the story of the street image-seller, and you may read it in the deep lines of his dark young face; but there is a merry twinkle in his eye still, for his Italian heart is not quite quenched in grief, but is yet warmed with the hope of resting in its native earth. Let us glance at his board. Here is the head of Baily's Eve—a fine composition. The sweet lines about the mouth, the gentle bend of the head, indicating the meekness of her womanly nature; the fine forehead, and the flowing lines of the neck, are beauties that lighten many English homes. Milton, with his grave expression, and the massive ridges of his worn cheeks, is near Eve—Eve whom he drew with touches that have immortalised him. Here we have Hebe—youth, light, and with an all-pervading modesty; and near her the model of a kneeling infant. Two Shakespeares are fastened to the board; and near one of these we pick out the familiar features of the Duke of Wellington, almost touching those of Minerva. The Queen and Prince Albert figure on various parts of the board; here her Majesty is stamped on a medallion; there the royal head is the size of life, and towers above the cap of the Prince of Wales, who is dressed in nautical costume, with his hands daintily inserted in his trousers' pockets. Sir Robert Peel is also familiarised to the public upon the board; and of late, Kiss's Amazon has been one of the most popular street casts. How far the modellers of Holborn are justified in appropriating to their own advantage the design of Professor Kiss, is a question between them and the sculptor; but it is indisputable that the public have been great gainers by the energy of the street image-sellers in this instance. Occasionally, in the midst of the casts we have noticed, we have seen works, the tendency of which was obviously bad. But of late these have disappeared; and now we may generally examine the boards of our street image-sellers with hearty good-will, and recommend every item of the poor Italian's stock in trade to popular attention. The men who sell wax and plaster medallions in the streets also claim some attention. We find the head of Dante offered to the passer-by for sixpence, Mozart obtainable for a mere song, and the Holy Family, in a preparation of wax and plaster, sold in large numbers. And these medallions are not rough, unfinished, artistic specimens, but very fair representations of the works from which they are taken; and when placed in juxtaposition with the specimens of street art that were in vogue some twenty years back, these modern works are comparative masterpieces.

Italians do not, however, monopolise the distribution of street art. Many people still remember the gaudy prints, in painted frames, which the Jews hawked through the country. The

art displayed in the elaboration of these productions would disgrace a schoolboy of the lowest form in the present day; and it is easy to see in the pride with which an old villager will refer to such possessions, that they satisfied all the capacity for beauty that his eye contained, when, untutored and unrefined, he walked abroad with "the certain step of man." Yet even these rude prints, with trees not unlike cabbages, legs lying in confused groups under the bodies of a certain number of characters, hands more resembling empty gloves than human anatomy, horses painfully deformed, houses displayed with an imperial disregard of the laws of perspective, and frames which no depth of imagination could accept as maple—even these distortions, all this want of art, this confusion, and this glaring colour, had an effect, and a happy effect, upon the mind of the poor man who purchased them. It was not a sorry sight to see the peasantry hanging these monstrosities upon their walls; since it showed how, even in the most untutored minds, the love of art is rooted. The degrees of comprehension by which art is judged in a mixed community, at once prove the beneficial effect of even its rudest and most unsatisfactory development. Let us place Turner and a labouring agriculturist side by side on the brow of a hill, with a glorious landscape before them. Dissect the eye of the painter and that of the working-man, and you will find that the former has an organ, in every physical particular, exactly resembling that of his companion. Yet mark the difference of their vision. The countryman sees the river winding about the landscape; he can distinguish Jones's fields from those of his master; he can discriminate between oaks and chestnuts; he sees the bounds of the county, and he declares that it is a fine country that lies at his feet. The light in his eye is not very bright—it is not fixed: his pulse is placid; he sinks listlessly upon the sward, and busies himself with his pipe. But the artist's eye is fixed, and bright with the fire of genius. He sees before him all the marvellous beauties, that, with a magic touch, he will reproduce for the benefit, the enlightenment of his race. Jones's fields are to him so much opportune brown, that relieves the brightness of the swelling mass of rainbow foliage which lies beyond them. What marvellous touches of beauty! what variety in the flow of the river!—there, where it runs through those dark clumps of trees, it sparkles like a trailing serpent—and there, where the corn-fields glow, a cloud lies between it and the sunlight! And then how grandly the fine lines of the sober foreground—that grey gable-end, with the dun smoke rising in the golden light, and the group of cattle in the shade of patriarchal oaks—how grandly all these send back the landscape! And then how the clouds swell from the distance—darkly-red where they touch the horizon, and brightening as they rise in the firmament, with the glimpses of blue, purple, and green atmospheres that part them! That wondrous eye of the painter takes in all these beauties at a glance, analyses and orders them, and then, with a power which we all love to see, works them in upon his canvas! He has selected the harmonies of the landscape, added others, perhaps, and rejected ugly forms and confusing colour—he has added to the landscape the beauties he has caught and treasured up elsewhere, and of which his busy brain is full. His poor companion, whose eye has not been tutored, and to whom the instinct that impelled Giotto to not vouchsafed, hardly recognises the landscape in the painting—he is an art-critic of the lowest class. His pleasure is in broad imitations. Other critics, who have been half-educated, see in art only the cunning of accurate imitation; and "How like a vase!" is the exclamation that often falls upon the artist's ear when he has spent many feverish months over his most ambitious effort. Yet in these inferior comprehensions of art and its power, the thoughtful may detect germs of a hopeful future. The eye that lights daily upon a beautiful object, drinks in, at least, some of its beauty, and dwells over afterwards with pain upon the ugly and the base. The eye that delights in imitations will learn to love the beautiful, and will yearn to rest in the realms of art for ever.—Let us now glance at the art we may find in the poor dealer's umbrella. Here is a motley collection of prints—all coloured; for it should be remarked that the vulgar eye is attracted first by colour, rather than by form. The list includes many theatrical portraits, various likenesses of the Queen, the Duke of Wellington, rows of cats, with very fine green eyes, and fur tinted with madder-brown; plump children with cheeks of crimson lake, Venetian red hair, and chrome frocks; and many engravings of great ladies, extracted from old annuals. The price of these specimens of art varies from one penny to twopence. The collection is made with reference to the various instincts that prompt purchasers. Children will cry for the cats; dotting mothers will strive to see portraits of their offspring in the plump children with crimson lake cheeks; the frequenters of theatres will be tempted to buy the portraits of great actors; soldiers' wives will invest in an engraving of the Iron Duke; and the loyal will be tempted with the rudest portrait of the Sovereign. We trace some human emotions even in the purchasers to whom the inverted umbrella is a wondrous gallery of art, and we are glad to believe that even now the umbrella is threatened with a powerful oppo-



sition in the shape of cheap engravings of good pictures. These street-sellers of prints already declare that the gratuitous illustrations issued by newspaper proprietors have done great harm to their trade—and good, let us hope, to a large public. We part from the inverted umbrella, viewed as a repository of art, with the belief that among these poor people who have purchased their galleries from it, are many who are open to the refining influences of higher and purer works.

## GYPSEY EXPERIENCES.

BY A ROUMANY REL.

### CHAPTER I.—MY FIRST GYPSEY LESSON.



NO words of explanation before entering upon these experiences. I am not Mr. Borrow. I have not the pleasure of knowing that remarkable agent of the Bible Society. It is perhaps unnecessary to say, that I once had pointed out to me at a club-table, next to that at which I was dining, a gentleman in black, like a Colonial clergyman, with a very white head, and two very black eyes (I do not mean blackened eyes), who I was told was Mr. Borrow. This is all I ever saw of the redoubtable adversary of *Blazing Bonville*. My own experiences of Gypsy life are confined to this country. They profess to be, and are, real experiences. My Gypsies are genuine. My Gypsies women are not the Gypsy women of the theatre; they do not wear short red petticoats, worked at the bottom with black cabalistic signs, still less silk stockings or antique sandals on their feet, or turbans on their heads; nor are they called "Zarah," or "Zillah." My Gypsy men never, by any accident, swathe their legs in linen bandages, cross-gartered with red worsted laces; the nearest approach they ever make to a brigand's jacket is a velvet shooting-coat, much the worse for wear, and altogether their appearance suggests rather a cross between a debauched game-keeper and a Staffordshire pot-hawker, than anything like Mr. O. Smith, or Mr. N. T. Hicks, as he appears in *Lo Zingaro*.

It is curious, indeed, considering how many Gypsies there are still in England, and how much the race has been worked by painters, dramatists, and novelists, to find how untruthfully they have, as a rule, been represented by all these artists. Among our painters there is scarcely one, except Oakley, who has painted these people as they are. In the pictures and drawings of them there is an entire lack of truth, which can be detected at a glance by the *aficionado*, the true lover and student of Rourmany life. I cannot remember a single genuine Gypsy in a novel, though both Bulwer and Disraeli have tried their hands at the class. And among stage plays, the only one in which I have ever seen the Gypsy introduced, with evidence of a real life-like knowledge of the race, is in a version of *Sir Roger de Coverly*, played at the Olympic Theatre during the present year.

Mr. Borrow, no doubt, knows the Gypsies well, and could describe them perfectly. But his love of effect leads him away. In his wish to impress his reader with a certain mysterious notion of himself, he colours his Gypsy pictures (the form of which is quite accurate) in a fantastic style which robs them altogether of the value they would have as studies from life. His English Gypsy vocabulary, so far as I have been enabled to compare it with the language actually spoken by the Rourmany race, is accurate and trustworthy.

In my native county the real Rourmany is unknown. We have "potters," or "muggers," who camp in green lanes, and live by making and repairing small iron and tin wares, much in the Gypsy fashion, combining this industry with the manufacture and sale of coarse earthenware and birch brooms, at questionably low prices. But I had never seen the thoroughbred "Rourmany" till I had arrived at man's estate—at least, till I called myself "a man," being really a freshman at College, Cambridge.

I suppose I must have a vagabond drop in my blood, otherwise I cannot account for the strong attraction this people have always had for me from the first time I came across them. If there be a Rourmany camp within a mile, I wind it. In the country I find "the spirit in my feet" that Shelley sings of, always leading me across commons, and along green lanes, and into wayside woods, and bringing me up within sight of the thin blue smoke, curling mysteriously among the green boughs, and within scent of the pleasant pungency of the open-air wood-fire. No wonder that I have a tolerably wide acquaintance among the race. They see my relish for their company and appreciate it. It is to this that I owe the name by which they have kindly adopted me, of the "Rourmany Rel," or "Gypsy gentleman." I remember, as if it was yesterday (though it is now some twelve years ago), not exactly my first sight of a Rourmany, but my first lesson in their tongue—which I may tell you, *en passant*, is a genuine language, in that state of mutilation which a language must fall into when transmitted orally only, in the hands of an entirely illiterate people. It is closely connected with the Sanscrit, and proves incontestably to every philologist who has ever seen a vocabulary of it, that the Rourmany are a North Indian race, whatever may have been their migrations since leaving their original seat, if ever they had one, and have not always been Pariahs and vagabonds. But I have no intention of going into the philology or ethnology of my Rourmany friends just now.

I had been sketching all that day, or rather I had been wandering about with a sketch-book in my hand, and a water-colour box in my pocket, stopping now and then to make believe to draw; but really enjoying an aimless ramble—away from lectures, and "cram," and private tutor—over the unfenced fells, and by the willow-fringed streams, and through the hap-hazard copses and still green lanes and primitive villages, which make even fenny Cambridgeshire beautiful, if a man has legs for a good day's walk, and eyes and heart to recognise beauty wherever he finds it, even in its homeliest garb. My ramble had been on the Huntingdon side of Cambridge. It was a bright May-day, and the sun was westerling; and, though I had no watch, my appetite told me it was hard upon Half-time. I had set my face Cambridge-wards, and was tumbling along over the tufts of sedge grass, and ploughing through the fallows, and over the young wheat, taking a line of my own across the country, when I saw a thin spiral of blue smoke creeping up the trunk and under the lower branches of a noble beech, one of an irregular avenue of the same trees, that seemed to begin abruptly in the flat I was crossing, and to end as abruptly some half-mile further on. As much from curiosity about the trees as the smoke, I turned out of my direction, scrambled through a sort of natural hedge of elder and bramble, and found myself in a still green road, that begins in the fields and ends in the fields, skirting one farmstead in its way; and, therefore, I presume, claiming to be connected with a country road that runs at right angles to it some fields off one of its ends.

It is an old Roman road. You may still see the vestiges of pavement under the grass that covers it. The people about call it "The King's Hedges." If I have among my readers a Cambridge man, fond of cross-country "constitutional," he will probably recognise the place from my description. But to do this, he must be a man of about my own standing, I fancy; for the Enclosure Commissioners have been busy since then, and in

that neighbourhood, too. Even at that day, I remember, I had come now and then across raw-looking squares of newly broken-up common, with their lank, unpainted rail-fences, looking more like American zig-zags than genuine English work, and I had sighed to think of common-rights put an end to, and "constitutional" abridged, on that side of Cambridge.

I came that day upon "The King's Hedges" for the first time; and its strange seclusion riveted me. Under the two broken lines of feathery beech-trees, on whose thin spring-green foliage the slant rays of the afternoon May sun were dancing, ran a low and hodge of bramble and elder, close up to which grew the short greenward, the stones of the causeway showing through it here and there, with no wear and tear of traffic on their velvety and irregular faces.

Some twenty yards from the point where I struck the lane, were grouped the three tents of a Gypsy camp, the rounded end of one towards me, while from the space they encircled rose the thin blue column of wood smoke that had first attracted my attention. A rough but light cart was pitched near the tents, and a rusty, saddle-galled, wall-eyed pony, with a couple of unkempt donkeys, a black-brown and a dun, were hobbling about, as well as their foot-ropes would allow them, after the short sweet grass of the hedge-side. I stepped up towards the camp noiselessly, for the foot falls without a sound upon that old sward, and was close upon the tents before a long-backed, bandy-legged, yellow terrier, sleeping with his nose in the wood-ashes, was sufficiently aroused to a sense of his duty to fly at me, with that extra activity of yelping zeal which all functionaries are apt to assume when caught napping.

"*Beah-to-lai, chukel* (lie down, dog)," said a shrill voice from the nearest tent, across the entrance of which hung a patch-work quilt.

I lifted it without ceremony, and looked in. Its only occupant was a girl, sitting with her legs doubled under her, Indian fashion, and busied in weaving a small net.

As my shadow darkened the entrance, she let her small hands, every finger bedecked with rude silver rings, fall, with their work, slowly on her knees, and looked up steadily and composedly.

She appeared to me then a woman—but her age, as she afterwards told me, was fifteen. I have seen many beautiful Gypsies since then, but I have never seen one so beautiful as Sinfi Curaple (*Anglicè* "Smith"), my acquaintance of "The King's Hedges."

Her features were small, and more Arab than Indian, and with nothing of the Jewish cast that is often seen in Gypsy women. Her eye had the veiled fire peculiar to the race, a sort of filmy languor that blazes up with passion, but which, even while unexcited, exerts still a strange, serpent-like power of latent fascination. Her teeth were small, and white, and sound, as Gypsy teeth always are. Her blue-black hair, in two short, shining plaits, came low across her narrow forehead, and close along her cheeks, sharply marking (if I may be allowed the bull) the triangular oval of the face, by its dark line relieved against the blood-red silk handkerchief, which she wore coiffed, hood-fashion, on her head. On each side of her little mouth, and in the centre of her soft, round chin, was a small blue tattoo mark, which heightened the mellow and velvety smoothness of her skin—dusky, but not sallow, and glowing under the sun like the side of a brown Bergamot pear.

She sat so—the beautiful young vagabond!—and looked steadily and calmly at me, without speaking, as the dog, in obedience to her voice, ceased yelping, and nuzzled at her side.

I stooped under the tent, asking, "May I come in?"

"Come in, my rei, and welcome, if you're not afraid to sit by the poor Gypsy;" and, untwisting her legs from under her, she rose without aid of her hand, and reaching a piece of carpet from a bundle of bedding that lay rolled up at the back of the tent, spread it for me on the straw, gravely and courteously. "Let me tell your fortune, my pretty gentleman," she began, after a short pause, in the musical, cajoling, jaunty, sing-song of the race; but seeing, I suppose, from my impatient "No—no—nonsense!"

that it was not for this purpose, at least, I had introduced myself to the tents, she stopped, and began to beg in the true Gypsy fashion. "Give the poor Gypsy a sixpence, my rei." I felt the romance oozing out of me at this cool, cut-and-dry, business-like sponging, and said, "Don't beg, there's a good girl; if you don't ask for anything, you may get something, but if you begin to beg again I shall go."

She stopped short at this formidable threat, and looking at my sketch-book, said, "I know what that is—it's the book you draw things out in. There was a rei came and drew us out, when we were camped in the Gorsehole, near Newmarket, with the tents, and the cart, and the fire, and the *chukel* yonder, and me, and aunt, and uncle, and all of us—as natural as life."

"Will you let me draw you?" I asked.

"Me!" she said, and laughed, and looked archly in my face for the compliment she saw growing there.

"Yes; you are very pretty, and you know it."

"Don't laugh at the poor Gypsy, my rei," she said, nestling back into the shadow, and coquettishly drawing forward her red hood, till the arch little face glowed again under the warm light reflected from it, while she let the fire gather slowly under the film of her infernal eyes, till I felt uncomfortable. However, I looked into them as little as possible, and drew on as I best might without it.

"Oh the *cushgar poshnikes*!" she suddenly exclaimed, as I took, to wipe out a light, a flaming yellow and crimson silk handkerchief—how the deuce I came ever to have bought such a blazing Bandanna I can't think, unless it was the Gypsy drop in me that I have spoken of before; "Oh the *cushgar poshnikes*!" and she fairly clapped her hands.

"What is the meaning of '*cushgar poshnikes*'?"

"It is *Roumany rokkerpen*—it's Roumany talk, my rei, and it means 'pretty handkerchief.'"

"I should like to learn the Roumany talk. Will you teach me?"

She shook her pretty head doubtfully—"I don't know what Aunt Athaliah would say."

"Never mind Aunt Athaliah. Come, '*cushgar poshnikes*' (I put the words down), and I suppose I must call you '*cushgar*' too? What is '*pretty girl*' in your language?"

"*Rincne rakli*. And now will you give me the handkerchief, my rei?"

"Yes, *rincne rakli*; if you'll ask for it in your language."

"*Pal, del mande the diklo*."

"That means?"

"Brother, give me the handkerchief."

"There! What will you do with it? Tell me in your language."

"*Chiv it adri my churro* (put it on my head); and, with a rapid movement of her round arms and little fingers, she translated the words by replacing her red hood with my flaunting present.

Somehow the vivid orange and crimson made a harmony with the glowing complexion, shining hair, and bright-coloured gown, all mellowed in the warm half-light that filtered through the brown tent. She was a magnificent bit of colour, seen so; and, as a painter, I had a right to admire her, but hardly a right to put my next question.

"What is '*kiss*' in your language?"

She gave a quiet little chuckle as she answered, "*Tshuma*."

"Will you *del mande a tshuma* for the *cushgar diklo*?"—You see I was profiting by my lesson.

She put out her cheek, without the least discomposure.

"*Ourl, my pal*."

I am bound to confess that, encouraged by the action, I took for granted that "*ourli*" meant "yes."

"*Kek vafardes na tshuma*," she said very soberly, as I resumed my sketch; and, answering my look, added the interpretation,

"No harm in a kiss—it's a Roumany saying, my rei."

"And a very good saying too. What is your name?"

"Sinfi Smith; there's Roumany for the name of Smith—*Curaple*."

"And have you always lived in a tent, Sinfi?"

"Yes; I was born in one—in the great snow. We were snowed up,—I've heard from my *dia* (mother)—for three weeks, under Haslingfield Wood."

"Would you like to live in a house?"

"*Kek! kek!*" (No, no!) she replied, with a peremptory shake of the head. "*The keir's cushgar* for the *keirigro*. (The house is good for the house-dweller.) I've been in a *keir* often, at Cambridge; the stairs make my head swim, and you can't breathe."

"But it must be very choky here in your tent; at night, now, how many of you sleep here?"

"There's me, and cousin Florentia, and Morella."

"Three of them in a space of six feet by four, and about four feet high!"

"Why, you must be suffocated. How do you breathe?"

"It is hot, sometimes; but then we lift up the *koppa* (blanket) over the tent mouth, and let the sweet air take us."

So we went on, she interspersing her conversation with Roumany words, and interpreting them for me at my request, while I took them down. I had already filled some four pages of my note-book with the fruits of this pleasant lesson; and I must admit that my sketch did not advance quite as fast as my glossary. I found on her part no reluctance to give me the Roumany words for the objects about; and I may remark, by the way, that I have never found any difficulty of this kind among the younger Gypsies. The older ones are occasionally more suspicious, and will often pretend that they have no word in their language when they think the knowledge of it likely to be turned against them. Thus, an old Gypsy man once gravely assured me that they had no word in their tongue for "thief." The old rogue, I may remark, was convicted of sheep-stealing at the Bury assizes, after he had solemnly assured me that the name and the practice were alike unknown among the Roumanies.

So our lesson went on for an hour or so. Sinfi was the most patient of instructresses, pursuing and torturing her charming mouth in a thousand ways to give me the accurate pronunciations, and racking her pretty head in the vain effort to comprehend my questions about nouns, and verbs, and prepositions. She had not the least notion of grammatical distinctions, and generally used her words (as the Roumanies all do) as roots, without inflection, interspersed with English. Occasionally I could detect an inflection in the concrete of a sentence, and I was careful to note these.

Though there was nothing either poetical or mysterious in Sinfi's way of talking, there were turns of phrase, every now and then, which agreeably denoted the influence of a free, roving, open-air life; and, above all, there was an utter absence of vulgarity both in the words and the manner of them. On the contrary, the thing that most struck me was the grace of her action in speaking and moving, and the gentle and quiet courtesy with which she brought me what I asked for—some water, a support for my sketch-book, and so forth. This gracefulness is to be found in all the Roumanies, and belongs to the East, like their small hands and lithe limbs. I observed now, too, in her, what since I find a universal habit with the race, that she sat like an Oriental woman, her legs folded under her. Indeed, I might have fancied myself in Syria, looking on the slender little body, with its Eastern head-gear, its bright-coloured gown, loose upon the bosom, which was covered by two or three layers of red, and yellow, and green spotted handkerchiefs; the lower limbs gathered under, and crossed, and the upper part of the figure lying lazily back against the pile of bedding, which, under its covering of a gaudy carpet, might have passed muster for a divan. There was only the *narphilek* wanting; and I grieve, for the effect of my picture, to say that, before our lesson was interrupted, this was supplied in the form of a short black cutty pipe, which Sinfi smoked with great relish, declining the cigar I offered her. Cutty pipe, however, and all included, I don't remember that I ever spent a pleasanter hour in my life.



SINFI SMITH.—DRAWN BY F. W. TOPHAM.